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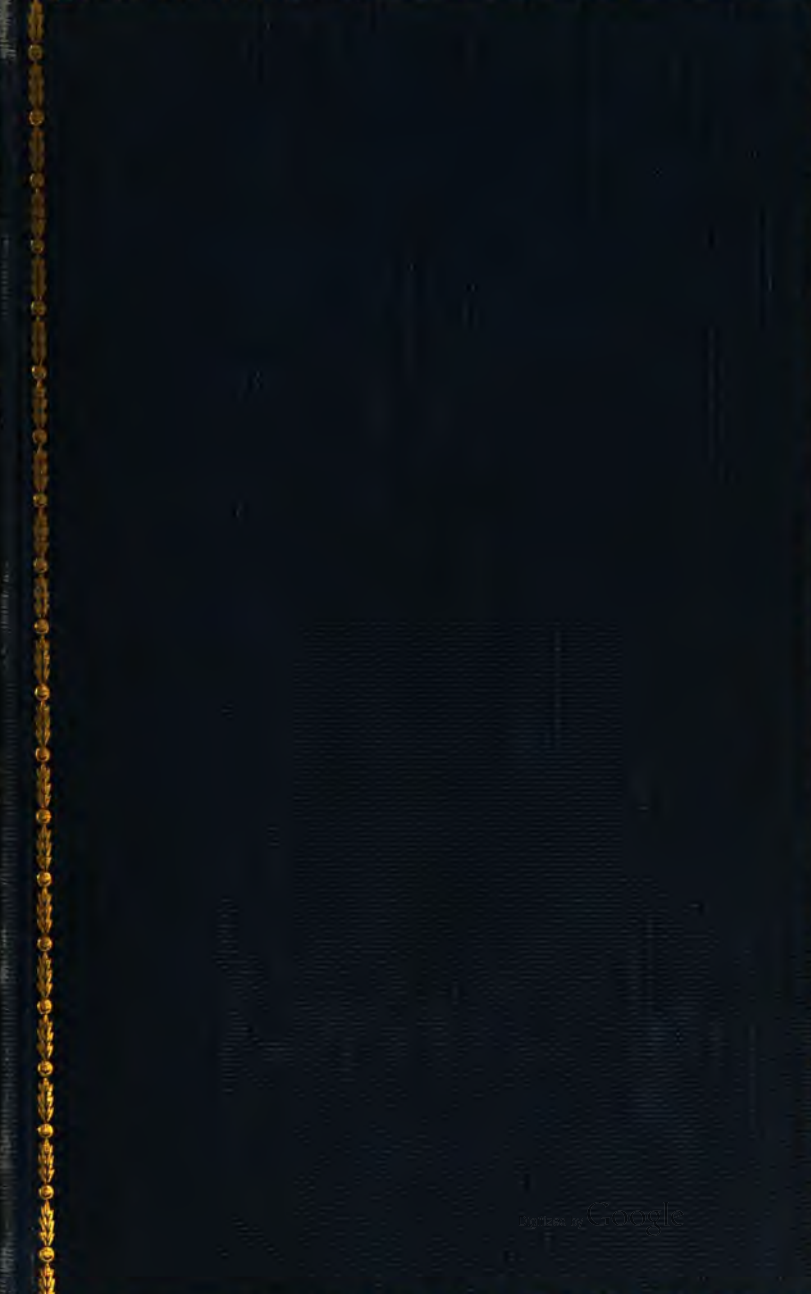
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of
Travel in Europe
1804-1805



NEW YORK
The Grolier Club
1929

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of
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1804-1805



NEW YORK
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NOTES AND JOURNAL
OF
TRAVEL IN EUROPE
1804-1805

BY
WASHINGTON IRVING

*With an Introduction by William P. Trent and
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Rudolph Ruzicka*

IN THREE VOLUMES

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OF SECOND VOLUME

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JOURNAL
OF A
TOUR THRO FRANCE, ITALY
SICILY

NOTES & JOURNAL

OF

TRAVEL IN EUROPE

December 1

I HAVE been for three or four days past engaged in examining the paintings in several of the palaces. In this employment I was accompanied by a M^r Wilson—the young Scotch man whom I mentioned before as having seen at M^{rs} Birds. He very obligingly acted as cicerone and being acquainted with every painting of merit in Genoa he acquitted himself very well. To enter into a detail of the many fine pieces I have seen would be fatiguing. Among the finest are a *Holy Family* by Reubens in the Palace of Giacomo Balbi—Diogenes looking for an honest man—Rape of the Sabines—Perseus with Medusa's head—Jezabel devoured by dogs—all four by Luca Giordano a painter of great merit (It is one of the peculiarities of this painter that he continually changes his style in his different paintings) Magdalene with a death's head by Guido &c &c all in the same palace. In the palace of Marcellino Durazzo is an exquisite painting of

the Magdalene bathing the feet of our Saviour by Paolo Veronese & in the same palace is a remarkably exact copy of it by another painter. The figure of the Magdalene is peculiarly fine & interesting — to the left of our Saviour is an old man said to be the portrait of Paolo Veronese himself.

The appartments in those palaces are superbly furnished — admision to them is very easy, as the family generally reside in appartments less splendid — and only keep these for shew & company. You have but to knock at the hall door & mention that you wish to see the palace and one of the servants immediately attends you thro all the rooms handing you a book in writing that mentions the pictures & the names of the painters — you reward the serv^t with a trifling present of two or three livres.

The other morning we breakfasted with Sig^r John Carl di Negri a gentleman of the Balbi family. He has built himself a pretty little house on an eminence in the skirts of the City and keeps batchelors hall in a very elegant style. This house commands several beautiful views of the city — the Harbor & the adjacent country — and he has a very well arranged botanical garden around the house. The appartments of his house are painted & fitted up according to his own directions & with great taste. A front room that opens to the garden he has named

the temple of Apollo from a fresco painting of that deity on the cieling — He intends having the Muses painted on the walls and to represent in them nine of the *belles* of Genoa.

This Gentleman talks English very well having been in London some time. He has a library of choice English authors. Among other accomplishments he has the singular one that I have often heard spoken of as being peculiar to the Italians. This is — of making verses extempore. Those gifted with this talent are termed *Improvvisatori*. You appoint them any subject, either an anecdote in history or any present circumstances or object — such as a ladies eyes — a hand kerchief &c and they will immediately compose a number of verses on it. Very often of much beauty & merit.

December

Tho' the Catholic religion has received a great shock in Genoa since the French have had possession of it yet it still retains much of its former pomp & ceremony. There were formerly a vast number of convents in and about the City, most of which are stripped of their property — abandoned by their inhabitants and ruined by the mob. Some still exist, but are very poor and the Monks are reduced to beggary. Religious processions are not at present

frequent in the streets except on particular occasions but are chiefly confined to the churches; as are likewise all their other religious ceremonies. A few mornings since I attended Lady Shaftesbury & Lady Barbara to the Church of De Yigni to hear a grand concert that was to be given in honor of some saint. The church is one of the smaller ones of Genoa, but well built & beautifully ornamented with paintings gildings &c — it is hung with red & blue damask & the Marble pillars that support the roof are covered with the same. I was surprized to see a people of so much taste & judgment disguising the beauty of their church by such gaudy frippery ornaments.— The Orchestra was very numerous and the vocal parts chiefly performed by Amateurs. The church music of the Italians is peculiarly fine. It has a simplicity and Grandeur best calculated to produce the sublime in music—and well suited to the dignity of the place and the solemnity of the occasion. In the churches there are no fixed seats as in ours in America. Rush bottomd chairs are brought to you for the use of which you pay two or three sous. The church was very much crowded and the people huddled together as in a mob. You are continually jostled by people passing to & fro who brush along without any ceremony. Above all the chief annoy-

ance is the swarm of beggars with which the churches are infested. You are assailed by them in every direction and they are the most importunate I ever beheld. I have seen them attack an honest Catholic while at prayers and worry him for an half hour till his torpid charity was fairly forced to exert itself. These miserable beings are seen wandering in every part of a church during mass presenting the most loathesome objects — covered with rags & filth. I have often mentioned the number of beggars in France but they are nothing to compare to the multitudes that swarm in Genoa — and yet I am told that in some other cities of Italy they are still more numerous.

The demand upon your charity is incessant in the streets of Genoa — nor will they take a denial tho often repeated but follow you for some time with their importunities. Never have I seen such pictures of abject want & wretchedness as I have witnessed in this place.

A few evenings ago I was in company with the Doge & cardinal — at Madame Gabriacs. The evening after I was introduced to the former at his Levée by his Nephew Sig^r John Baptista Serra. He is a small man of an ordinary countenance but extremely polite & affable as is likewise his lady. There were present at the Levée a number of the

Genoese nobility of both sexes — After the usual articles of conversation the company began to disappear except a few who remained to play cards.

The office of Doge has undergone much alteration since the revolution. He was formerly obliged to remain always at home during the two years he held his station excepting twice a year that he attended particular religious processions. At present he has full liberty to go in or out whenever he pleases.

Tho the Doge is the ostensible head of the Ligurian government yet it is said he is completely governed by the M—r of F—ce who is both hated and feared throughout Genoa.

He is one of the miscreants that played a principal part in France during the reign of Terror, and gave the casting vote for the death of the King. He was the best friend that Bonaparte had in the commencement of his career and was the person that first put him in command. He afterwards imprisoned B—— for some circumstances which I have not learnt.

It is said he is merely retained in favor by B—— thro fear and it is expected that he will one day or other meet with his deserts by his former Protégé.

It is painful to witness the depressed state of the Genoese Nobility. Deprived of their titles and stripped of part of their fortunes they fear to shew

out with what is left and endeavor to make as little display as possible. They have no handsome carriages—their servants are without livery and themselves dress as plainly as possible. The Genoese nobility have never been highly extolled for talents or information, the greater part of them may not perhaps deserve much eulogium but I have found among them several possessed of very superior ability—particularly the Serra's of whom there are four brothers nephews of the present Doge, who are all men of brilliant talents—Sig^r John Carl Di Negri a gentleman of very handsome poetical endowments & an *Improvvisatore* & several others men of taste & genius.

The Italians are very fond of games of play, such as throwing the handkerchief—passing the ring & forfeits. Their favorite one however is called *Le Tableau* (the Picture). This requires a good memory & much historical reading to play. One person is sent out of the room the rest dispose themselves in a group so as to represent some transaction in history such as the death of Cato—Rhemus slain by Romulus &c &c. The person is then called in and guesses what historical incident it is intended to represent. I have seen this played several times and very rarely have known the person to fail in guessing.

Di Nigri was particularly good at it and sometimes even sung the subject in extempore verses said to be of much merit.

This winter the Beau monde of Genoa seemed to have conceived a great *penchant* for private Theatrics. The dilletanti performances at Madame Brignoli['s] gave rise to this inclination. Her private theatre is indeed fitted up with taste & managed very judiciously—the performances possess very considerable merit. Lady Shaftesbury had some private performances at her house but they were intended chiefly as lessons to Lady Barbara. The performers were Lady Barbara & the Miss Spinola's—and some Italian Gentlemen. A large hall or saloon served for theatre and a skreen was placed at one end for the actors to retire behind. Some few friends were admitted as audience and as no great ceremony was observed, we had a great deal of sport & amusement.

As soon as the piece was performed the company began their favorite plays—blind mans buff, forfeits &c and the evening passed off merrily. Indeed Lady S—— has the faculty of making all her visitors feel perfectly at home and banishing all disagreeable restraint. Her Ladyship is extremely affable & good humourd and possesses of superior understanding.

Her chief attention is directed towards forming the mind & manners of Lady Barbara and studying Italian. Lady Barbara is a very pretty girl of about fifteen and one of the best dispositioned I ever knew. Her temper appears never ruffled—and there is an artless frankness & simplicity in her that cannot fail to charm—without unnecessary pride or affectation tho enjoying all the advantages of fortune and possessing superior accomplishments. Lord S—— amid all his eccentricity evinces a good heart & friendly disposition. At times he displays much judgement & information in his conversation tho often blended with singularity of manner. I was extremely delighted with this family, from whom I received the most friendly & particular attentions. Their house used to be one of my constant evening resorts as I was ever sure to find amusement there. A few days ago Lord S—— received news from England of the Death of his Mother, which put a stop for a while to all visiting at his house as they did not see any company for near a week.

The news of the coronation of Bonaparte arrived lately at Genoa. The Gov^t have been sometime talking of giving a ball in compliment to that *benefactor* of their country. This has been deferred repeatedly and I was somewhat surprized at the delay

till I was told by Madame G—— a lady of Distinction & friend of the Doge—that the Gov^t was absolutely *too poor to give a ball*—“and it would be a hard thing to have to run in debt” said she “in rejoicing at the success of the very man who has drained our purses.” The French Minister intends giving a splendid ball on the occasion and indeed he can afford it as he takes care to be well paid for all his public services. He is in fact a little tyrant in Genoa & no one dare displease him. A noble lady of my acquaintance expressed great unwillingness to attend his ball, “but” said she, “I do not *dare* refuse.”

As I have often leisure time on hand I now & then stroll into the churches to see the faces of the ladies & to see the church ceremonies performed. There is certainly something very solemn & imposing in the ceremonies of the Roman church. Unwilling as we may be to acknowledge it we cannot deny that forms & ceremonies have a great effect on the feelings in matters of religion. To enter a superb & solemnly constructed edifice

*Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its archd and pondrous roof*

gives us a dignified idea of the being to whose honor it is erected. Its long & dimly lighted aisles & vaulted chapels adorned with paintings all pointing

out some attribute or action of the Deity have an impressive appearance while the gloomy grandeur of the whole inspires us with reverence & respect.

“ Looking tranquility it strikes an awe.”

Then the service itself has such an air of pomp & sublimity that I always feel more filled with an exalted Idea of the Deity than at any other time.

The superb altars magnificently decorated and illuminated — the solemn movements of the priest and the humble prostration of the congregation, the full chant of the choir and the pealing sound of the organ swelling thro the arched aisles and dying away in soft gradations, the incense arising in fragrant columns before the grand altar as if ascending to the “heaven of heavens” a grateful offering of homage — has altogether an effect on my feelings irresistibly solemn. This perhaps is only an instance how easily an imagination may be heated & led away by form and shew—but in matters of religion I am convinced it is the part most vulnerable, and was I attempting to introduce a new doctrine I should address my attempts chiefly against the imagination.

The Roman religion however multiplies its saints to such a degree that a poor Catholic I believe is often puzzled in his choice which to apply to, to

plead his cause at the high tribunal of heaven. Several of them are of particular eminence the same as we have superior Lawyers who are generally applied to on great emergencies. Every day in the year is allotted to some particular Saint. This reminds me of a story of an honest Scotchman who lived in a Catholic family. He was told he must fast the next day as it was *All Saints day* — to this he had no objection thinking it the least he could do for so respectable an assemblage. A few days after he was told he must fast again — “and wha for” cries he. “For St Andrew” was the answer. “Hoot awa mon” replies Sawney “I fast for no St Andrew — whey the de’il did he keep oot o’ the way when I fasted for *a’ the saints in a drove?*”

Since the revolution much more liberty & freedom has introduced itself into the customs & manners of the Genoese. They now permit their daughters to frequent balls and assemblies a thing not known of before the revolution. Young ladies of respectability however are not permitted to walk out or visit without the company of their Father, Mother, gouvernante or some person of the kind and such a thing as a young gentleman gallanting a young lady along the street would be looked upon as exceeding singular. A lady seen alone on the street

may safely be concluded to be married or to be a woman of loose character.

I was talking on this subject to a lady of my acquaintance and mentioning the difference of our manners in this respect—that our young ladies walkd the streets entirely alone or in the company of a young gentleman—that they visited in the same manner—that young gentlemen attended them home in the evenings &c &c &c. She was exceedingly surprized but said “it was a mark of the simplicity & honesty of our manners but that it would never do in Italy & France in both which countries the ladies are kept under great restraint.”

This is the reason why the ladies are so happy to rush into matrimony without having any affection for their husbands. They merely consider it as a privileged state where they can indulge themselves with greater freedom. The husband (IE the Italian) perhaps conscious of this becomes Jealous of his wife nor do they generally take much pains to hide this passion when it enters into their bosom. The lady seeing they do not confide implicitly in her virtue thinks herself no longer bound in honor to observe those vows which they will not give her the credit of having an inclination to keep sacred, & perhaps from this in some degree arises the notorious unfaithfulness of Italian wives.

[December] 21

An American ship sailing from this port for Messina in Sicily I have engaged passage on her. By this means I shall avoid the necessity of travelling thro Italy at this unpleasant season of the year particularly as travelling is much embarrassed by the cordones (lines of troops) drawn in different parts to prevent communication from infectious provinces. After making a hasty tour in Sicily I shall cross over to Naples. We were to have sailed today but the wind is too violent for the vessel to warp out.

[December] 23rd

After having been detain'd till today by a violent storm of wind & snow uncommonly severe for Genoa we set sail from Genoa at 2 o'clock with a fine brisk gale. It was with the deepest regret I left this city where I had experienced so many attentions—where I had found a friend particularly dear to me and formed a number of most agreeable acquaintances—but this is the grand misfortune of travelling—no sooner have we become acquainted in any place and begun to form an agreeable circle of friends—but we are obliged to tear ourselves away and again in a manner become alone in the world.

I received the kindest wishes at parting together

with particular letters for different parts of Italy for Sicily & Malta — with promises that more letters of introduction for Italy should be sent after me to Naples. We passed out of the port with a noble wind. The city rapidly receded — Sestri and its environs — the haunt of many an happy hour broke upon my view and I remained alternately gazing upon Sestri & Genoa till they faded in the distance and evening veiled them even from the sight of the telescope.

“Genoa figured conspicuously in the time of the
“Crusades and still bears the red cross as the arms &
“standard of the Republic. It was then a powerful &
“important state and by different means had gained
“possession of Majorca Minorca Sardinia Corsica
“Candia Malta Lisbon Smyrna in Asia Minor &c
“& also some places of importance in the Black Sea
“& even the suburbs of Constantinople. Weakened
“by foreign colonies & conquests it had at length to
“surrender to Charles VI of France within a century
“after it had made so formidable an appearance.
“It afterwards regained its liberty but again threw
“itself under protection of Lewis XII and Francis I.

“Andrea Doria quitting the French service for
“that of the Emperor Charles 5 stipulated with that
“prince for the freedom of his country and gave such

“laws to his fellow citizens as settled their freedom
“and strengthend their domestic & external secur-
“ity” (abridged from Nugents observ: on Italy.)

The Genoese erected numerous monuments to the memory of this Great & worthy man—of which I know but one remaining which represents him in the character of Neptune in a fountain in the midst of the Doria Garden. The rest have been destroyed by the hands of the French. I had observed in different parts of Genoa over the doors of churches, gates &c several links of enormous Iron chains hanging of which I was curious to know the meaning—I was told that in their wars with the Pisans (a long time since) the Genoese fleet had anchored in the harbor of Pisa and the Pisans had made an iron chain of vast strength & size which they stretched across the river & prevented the Genoese either from getting to sea or receiving succor therefrom. In this unfortunate situation a blacksmith with great resolution undertook to remove the obstacle. He plunged in the river—swam under water & with great perseverance Cut thro the chain. The Fleet regained the sea carried the chain in triumph to Genoa and hung it up in the places where it remains to this day. The blacksmith was asked what recompence he demanded for so very impor-

tant a service. He replied he hoped they would take off all tax upon coals—an act was immediately passed to that effect and still remains in force—a singular instance of moderation in a person who had it in his power to obtain a much ampler reward.

While at Genoa they celebrated the anniversary of the day when in 1746 the common people of Genoa rose against the Austrians who held possession of the City and drove them out of the walls. All Europe was struck with surprize & admiration at the boldness & success of the attempt, as the people were destitute of warlike instruments.

The revolution was supported with equal energy and the public funds being inadequate to its support the nobility themselves individually contributed to its maintenance according to their pecuniary abilities.

The state has the monopoly of bread at Genoa which is manufactured in a large building which contains a mill oven &c & every convenience for its manufacture. From hence the bakers that vend it in different parts of the City repair to fetch it away in Large Baskets. I was likewise told the state monopolizes the oil and wine which are kept in large barks floating in a bason near the arsenal.

There are but two or three galleys at present belonging to Genoa. The slaves are generally em-

ployed on shore. I have seen them frequently passing thro the street chained two and two. They look hearty & well nor is their situation extremely hard.

The Genoese were anciently renowned for their craftiness and want of faith—and the present generation prove that they have inherited in these respects the qualities of their ancestors. It is a saying in Italy that “It takes six Christians to cheat a Jew and six Jews to cheat a Genoese but a Genoese Jew is a match for the d—l himself!”

The sumptuary laws that formerly restricted the dress of the people are no longer observed. The Genoese men are not however very remarkable for finery of dress. They follow the French fashions particularly the women. There is one article of female dress, however, which has been handed down from generation to generation and is still retained by all ranks & fortunes—this is a kind of veil formed of an oblong piece of lace cambrick, muslin or callico—which is thrown over the head and shoulders and falls down in front. A pretty woman in my opinion looks extremely well in this veil—I have seen a pair of languishing blue eyes from under one of them give the countenance all the air of a beautiful Madonna.

[*December*] 24th

The fine breeze with which we set out died away towards evening and all night we had but a light zephyr, that hardly filld the sails. The ship has a convenient cabin having formerly been employed as a Charleston packet. There are two or three passengers beside myself—Genoese captains who talk French very well and can give me information in respect to every place we pass having been long engaged in the Mefina trade. They sleep in the steerage—so that I have the cabin to myself. The captain is a worthy honest old gentleman who is always in good humor and strives to the utmost to render every thing agreeable.

This morning we are quite becalmd. The weather is mild and delightful and the clouds of the late storm entirely disappeared. The Sun rise was peculiarly lovely. A few low morning clouds hung about the horison and were gradually lighted up with ruddy tinges. In a little time the sun emerged in full splendor from the ocean—his beams diffused a blaze of refulgence thro the clouds, of indiscribable richness—the curling tops of the waves seemed tip'd with gold—and the snowy summits of Corsica and the opposite Italian shore brightned with reflection of his rays. So enchanting a scene was sufficient to inspire the poet—nor do I wonder that this

climate should have been particularly productive of poetry & romance. Had those happy days continued when the Deities made themselves visible to man and now and then payed him a familiar visit, we might have been entertained by the *raree show* of Neptune and Ampithrite and all their gay train of Nereids and Dolphins. Such a morning would have been a noble time for them to have taken a drive round their dominions and seen if all was safe after the late stormy weather. But those days of romance are over. The Gods are tired of us heavy mortals and no longer admit us to their intimacy. In these dull *matter of fact* days our only consolation is to wander about their once frequented haunts and endeavor to make up by imagination the want of the reality. There is a poetic charm (if I may so express myself) that diffuses itself over our ideas in considering this part of the globe. We regard every thing with an enthusiastic eye—thru a romantic medium that gives an illusive tinge to every object. Tis like beholding a delightful landscape from an eminence, in a beautiful sunset. A delicious mistiness is spread over the scene that softens the harshness of particular objects—prevents our examining their forms too distinctly—a glow is thrown over the whole that by blending & softning and enriching—gives the landscape a mellowness—a sweetness—a love-

lines of coloring—not absolutely its own, but derived in a great measure from the illusive veil with which it is overspread. I do not know whether I express myself intelligibly. Those are sensations difficult to be explained—they are too exquisitely delicious to bear a cool description.

1 O'clock. We are within sight of Gorgona a small Island between Corsica and the main Land. The wind has sprung up ahead and it is gradually clouding over threatening wet weather — Gorgona affords subsistence to a few fishermen & appears to be hardly anything but rock.

[*December*] 25th

My opinion was right, the weather thickend up before dark and we have had rain all the night. The wind is still ahead & we have not yet made the island of Gorgona. So commences *Christmas day* with me. Seated in the cabin writing by the light of a candle with the wind the Rain & the sea making a furious noise without—and the honest captain snoring pretty nearly as loud in his berth at my elbow. How joyfully would I translate myself to New York and spend these hollidays among my friends. I hope however you may have a *merry* day of it and that in toasting distant friends my name may not be forgotten.

Afternoon

The weather held up before sunrise and has continued clear & pleasant all day tho' it is still clouded over head. The wind remains ahead and our progress is very inconsiderable. We have passed the Island of Gorgona and are near that of Capraia. It is like the former rocky & barren being merely a place of residence for fishermen and Padrone's of small craft that trade from Corsica to the Italian coast. This island formerly belonged to the Tuscan Government but at present appertains to France and is part of the Department of Corsica. We are now opposite Leghorn but too far distant to see the port. The mountains all along the Italian coast are covered with snow and the sun shining on their summits they make a glittering appearance while all the rest of the prospect is in shade.

Head winds or calms are much more fatiguing when in sight of land than out at sea—as by the islands & mountains we perceive the extreme slowness of our progress. The ship is very comfortable but by no means a fast sailer tho built expressly for a Charlestown packet.

[*December*] 26th

After a rainy night of head winds we find ourselves this morning, again abreast of the Island of Gor-

gona the ship having lost way by standing too long to Northward. The weather is overcast & rainy but mild & agreeable in other respects.

[December] 28th

Baffling winds & calms have prevaild these two days and keep us beating about between the small islands & Corsica. The weather continues overcast & showery. The days are very short and at night we have to take in almost all the sails as the navigation is hazardous. We are now off the Island of Elba.

This is an island extremely mountainous with very little ground for culture. It does not produce sufficient grain for the consumption of its inhabitants but the wine is extremely good & goes to the Leghorn market. It is white wine. It also produces salt. It is situated opposite Tuscany and sepe-
rated therefrom by the streights of Piombino. It is in 42.deg. 50 min Latitude, of a triangular figure, & nearly 100 miles in circumference.

The fruits of Elba are said to be excellent tho the soil is shallow. It possesses a valuable Iron mine that supplies all Italy with that Metal. On the west side is a high mountain called Della Calamita from the loadstone (in Italian calamita) which is frequently found in its neighborhood. This was first

discovered by a peasant who in walking found himself held by the heels the loadstone attracting the hobnails in his shoes. Some travellers have asserted that the attraction of the loadstone is felt at some distance from the island particularly in the Straights of Piombino where it deranges the Mariners compass but I was assured by the Genoese captains that were fellow passengers with me that this assertion was unfounded. This Island was antiently called by the Greeks Aethalia & by the Romans Ilva. The principal town is Porto Ferraio handsomely built on a rock that forms the bottom of a large circular bay. It was antiently called Portus Argous — from Argos the ship of Jason. It was said that he passed in the Medditerranean & that Medea had occasion to view the enchantress Circe — Homer says in his Oddeisy that Jupiter favord that celebrated vessel and permitted it safely to pass by Scylla & Charybdis (vide Swinburne) Virgil also mentions that Aeneas received a support from the Island of Ilva of 3000 men.

Small as it is it was formerly divided between three neighboring potentates Viz. the Prince of Piombino, the Grand Duke of Tuscany & the King of Naples but at present it appertains to France.

[December] 29th

Early this morning the wind sprung up at the North west the clouds had disapeard and the Sun rise was clear & beautiful. Nothing can be more inspiring than such weather after having had several days of calms head winds and rain. We at length effected what we had long been attempting — the clearing the isle of Elba, and are now passing between it and the Island of Pianosa.

The latter is a low flat island of about a league in extent — in Lat. 42.34, long 9.45 E. It was called by the Romans *Planasia* and is celebrated by the exile & death of Caesar Agrippa. Caesar was the son of Julia & Marcus Agrippa and grandson of Augustus — Julia being Augustus's daughter by his first wife Scribonia whom he afterwards repudiated. Livia the second wife of Augustus by her intrigues ruind Caesar in the affections of his grandfather who confiscated his estate and banished him to the Isle of Planasia. About eight years after Augustus secretly paid him a visit — which Livia hearing — dreaded that he would be recalld to prevent which she hastned the end of the old Emperor and sent a centurion to kill the young prince. The latter defended himself courageously and fell covered with wounds.

Pianosa is uninhabited — it is cultivated by people from Elba who cross over at the proper sea-

sons to sow and reap. It likewise serves as a shelter for small privateers that infest this ocean — who lay in wait here & sally out on vessels as they pass. These little privateers are of the kind termed *Picaroons* and are the most unprincipled in the world — plundering from any nation — They are what may be termed the *Banditti of the Ocean*. One of the Genoese captains, who is very well informed and communicative, gave me several anecdotes of their depredations and says they have been known to plunder ships — murder the crew & sink the vessel to prevent discovery & punishment. He says the Algerines & Tripolitans are far less formidable as they do not kill their prisoners unless in case of resistance. The

[*December*] 30th

While I was writing yesterday the above about 11 o'clock I was interrupted by one of the Genoese [captains] who came into the cabin for the Spy glass saying that there was a *Sail* in sight. I immediately went up on deck and saw a small vessel coming off towards us from the Island. The Genoese Captain after regarding it thro the glass for a moment turned pale and said it was one of those privateers he had been speaking of. A moment after she fired a gun upon which we hoisted the

American flag — another gun was fired as a signal for us to bring to which we immediately complied with.

The Genoese and the Captain Mate & myself went to work to conceal what money or trinkets we had. As to myself I had but a couple of Spanish Doubloons one of which I gave to the Cabin boy and the other to a little Genoese lad as I was confident they would not be searched. The privateer was quite small, hardly larger than one of our North River ferry boats — and had latine sails. Two small guns in the bow was all her military equipments. As for us we had not even a pistol on board. They were under French colours and hailing us, ordered the Captain to come on board.

He took the papers of the ship and went — after some time the boat returned with the captain, accompanied by several of the privateers men, one of whom appeared to be an officer. He was a tall ragged fellow with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows displaying a most formidably muscular pair of Arms. His crew would have shamed Falstaff's ragged regiment in their habilliments — in their countenances the lines of villainy & rapacity were strongly marked. They were armed with rusty cutlasses & stillettos (a kind of dagger) stuck in their belts. The leader gave directions for shorten-

ing sail — and asked us several questions about where we were from — and where bound — & what was the cargo &c. These we answered him by means of the Genoese captains & one of his own men who could talk a little English. He then demanded the passports & bills of health of the passengers, and told me I must go aboard of the privateer with the captain — as the commander of the privateer could talk French and wanted to make some enquiries for which purpose I could serve as interpreter. I accordingly prepared to go — the Genoese captain stopped me privately & with tears in his eyes begged me for heaven's sake not to leave the ship as he believed they only intended to separate us all that they might cut our throats the more readily. I represented to him the impolicy of contradicting their orders as we were in their power — besides that it was as easy for them to dispatch us on board the ship as it would be on board the privateer we having no arms. The poor man shook his head and said he hoped the *Virgin would protect* me. When we boarded the privateer I confess my heart felt heavy enough — a more Villainous looking crew I never beheld. Their dark complexions, rough beards and fierce black eyes scowling under enormous bushy eyebrows, were enough to inspire distrust & apprehension. They were as rudely ac-

courted as their comrades that had boarded us — and like them were armed with cutlasses stilletos & pistols. They seemed to regard us with a malignant smile as if triumphing over their prey and leaning on one another's shoulders muttered into each other's ears looking at us all the while with a malicious half averted eye. The captain of the privateer read our passports &c &c and told us he only wanted to see if we had the regular bills of health adding some confused story of his being stationed there to watch that no vessels escaped from the Quarantine at Leghorn. After a while he told us we might return on board with which we cheerfully complied tho our pleasure was rather dampened when we found that he retained all our papers. On arriving on board we understood that they had been rummaging the ship and had ordered the two Anchors to be dropped. As soon as our sails were almost all in on a signal being given the privateer fired a Gun gave three cheers and hoisted *English colours*. The captain that was on board of us turned round with a grin said we was a good prize and that they were in the English service. We told him to recollect that we were Americans. He replied it was all one to him — everything that came from Genoa was a good prize as the port was blockaded. We replied that he was mistaken, that

there had been no English vessels off Genoa for some months and consequently they could not pretend but that the blockade had ceased. He said we would find the contrary when we arrived at Malta where he intended to carry us. They then commenced overhauling the ship in hopes of finding money. One of the first things they examined was my trunk and this the captain rummaged completely but without finding anything that he cared for. He had one of his gang with him that understood English and they had nearly a couple of hours work in reading my papers as I had many letters from my friends & letters of introduction (my letters of credit I had secured in my pocket). Among others they found two letters of introduction for Malta one to Sir —— Ball the Governor & another to a principal English merchant—after reading these they treated me with much more respect than before. The captain told me I might put my clothes in the Trunk again and see that there was nothing missing. I bundled them in carelessly as I thought I should never wear them again—and locking the trunk offered the key to the captain. He told me to keep it myself if he wanted my trunk opened again he would apply to me. His companion was tired of reading my letters as they were chiefly introductory ones—he turned to the other

and told him it was unprofitable work for he could find nothing in them but recommendations—“Eh bien” replied the captain “I believe we may as well leave this persons things alone for the present. There [is] nothing to be got by searching them *c’est un homme qui court tout le Monde* (tis a man who is rambling all over the world).” By this time the Myrmidons up on deck had lost all patience and came into the cabin with an evident impatience to be let loose to pillage. The captain gave them some order that I could not understand and immediately they went to work ransacking the whole Vessel. They were extremely disappointed in finding there was so little cargo on board—the whole consisting in five or six pipes of Brandy, some few reams of writing paper a little Verdigrease & two boxes of Quicksilver. (The vessel intends to take in a cargo of Wines at Mefsina.)

The boxes of Quicksilver they hoisted out of the run in triumph thinking they contained money. They disregarded our assurances to the contrary and broke them open with the utmost eagerness but were extremely chagrined on discovering their contents.

In searching the trunks of the Genoese captains one of them stole a watch and some wearing apparel, and they took likewise some trifling articles from the sailors. After I had locked up my trunk

I went up on deck and found the Genoese captain that I mentioned before in a great alarm. He said the privateers men were drinking brandy and would get intoxicated and then he did not know what would become of us. He assured me that he was convinced that they did not intend to carry us to Malta nor did he think they had any commission but that they were a set of pirates merely intent upon plunder. I was of the same opinion for amongst all the crew I did not perceive a single Englishman they consisting of Maltese Portuguese Ragusans, Italians &c. I was much diverted by a dialogue between one of our sailors and one of the ruffians that spoke English. The fellow asked the sailor why he looked so sulky at him. "I suppose" says he "you think I want to do you harm" "Oh no" replies Jack "I dont fear any such thing — you cant do *me* any harm if you would my honest friend you can only take my life & that I dont care a chew of tobacco for" "I have no wish to take your life" says the other. "Oh ho — you havent — have you? Here Tom, Jim" cried Jack calling his mesmates "just come & look what a moderate fellow here is — he dont wish to take my life — smite my timbers if you ant the most moderate rogue that ever I met unhung." "Indeed" answered the other "Ive no enmity against you but I'd rather any harm

should come to myself rather than you"—“I wish so too,” says Jack “with all my heart—however if Gods willing I am content that you & your companions & captain may live all the days that the Gallows will spare you.” The peculiar drollery of the sailors manner gave the highest point to his discourse—he is the wag of the crew and could not restrain his Jokes even when surrounded by a gang of cut throats.

By this time the commander in chief had come off from the Island where I found there was a nest of these miscreants & that they had two or three vessels. Our papers had to undergo another examination but I could perceive that they were convinced it was not politic for them to detain us. They therefore told us that tho we was a *lawful prize* yet they out of favor would permit us to proceed—that they wished to behave *honorable* always and do as little injury as possible. They only desired that we would spare them a little provisions as they were entirely out. We of course had to comply with this *request* and they took about half of the provisions we had on board, we having laid in just sufficient for our passage from Genoa to Malta. They likewise took some articles of ship furniture &c and then gave us a *receipt* for the provisions ordering the English consul at Malta to pay for them! The

common fellows of the crew were highly enraged at not being allowed to pillage—they declared that it was a good prize, and shewed the most ravenous disposition to plunder. At length about sundown they bid us *adieu* and to our great joy took their departure. What prevented them from pillaging I cannot imagine unless it was the fear that we would inform some of our American frigates & that one should be sent in pursuit of them to destroy their nest. Having a fair wind we set sail in hopes of leaving this retreat of pirates behind—but the wind soon fell and we were becalmed almost the whole night. We had considerable apprehension that some of the gang would come off in the night and pay us another visit. I laid down in my clothes but my sleep was broken & disturbed with horrid dreams. The afsalsin like figures of the ruffians were continually before me & two or three times I started out of my berth with the idea that their stilletos were raised against my bosom—Early this morning a fair wind sprung up and we had the satisfaction of leaving the island far behind us before sun rise. Had we been becalmed today in the neighborhood—it is most likely we should have enjoyed their company again.

This morning we passed Monte Christo a small island or rather a high rock that rises abruptly out

of the sea in a conical shape. It has a little herbage & shrubs in the crevices of the rocks & towards the summit which sustains numbers of Wild Goats. The people from Corsica often come here to hunt this animal.

[December] 31st

We have had our usual weather—head winds & calms for the last twenty four hours. We have however, cleared the small islands that were so troublesome, as we did not dare to carry sail at night. This part of the Mediterranean is what was called the *Etrurian* or *Tyrrhenian* or *Tuscan Sea*. We have lost sight of the Corsican shore, which in fact we are anxious to avoid—as the Genoese captains say it is infested with pirates, the inhabitants being rude and hardly civilized. A Vessel that is becalmed in sight of the shore runs great risk of being visited by the fishermen who make no scruple of plundering where they can do it with a prospect of impunity.

January 1st, 1805

FOR the first time in my life has a New Year opened upon me separate from my family and friends. When I picture to myself the social festivity that reigns among you on this day, the cheer-

fulness, the good humor & hospitality that prevails through all ranks—how do I sigh at being unable to participate in those enjoyments, and feel an unusual lonesomeness & depression of spirit. It is perhaps wrong to yield to such emotions. My friends are all enjoying themselves and I should be pleased with the idea. They are happy—and surely I may flatter myself that in the midst of their hilarity they will bestow some thought on me, wonder where I am wandering or in what part of the world I am spending this festive day. It passes with me in much the same manner as Christmas—writing & reading in the Cabin. We have commenced the Year however with a pleasant favorable wind and our ship sails gaily before it.

The Weather continues remarkably mild. Tho it is now the middle of Winter I frequently get out of bed in the middle of the night and with no other covering but my great coat—walk the deck for an hour or more without feeling in the least degree uncomfortable. We have no fire in the cabin nor have we felt any want of it.

Friday morning, January 4th

For the last forty eight hours we have had fine favorable wind and spreading every sail have had a

charming run. This morning a little after sunrise we came in sight of the Lipari Islands which now bear S.W.B.S. about 9 or ten leagues distant. Among the rest Strombolo is distinctly visible tho' we cannot yet discern the smoke from its crater.

7 O'clock in the evening

The day has been delightful and the breeze continues wafting us pleasantly towards the "Sicilian shores." By degrees the Lipari Islands became more visible Alicur was the first one we saw after which the other ones were soon in sight. They rise boldly out of the sea and to a considerable height. In the afternoon we could plainly see the smoke of Strombolo the crater being on the N.W. side of the mountain.

Æolus has certainly given us a most gracious reception into his dominions. The storms are pent up in their caverns and each unruly wind safe tied up in his respective leather bag, a pleasant breeze only is commissioned to conduct us safely thro his Empire and urge us to our destined port. The sun has descended in all the boasted splendors of an Italian sky — the horizon brilliantly transparent with just clouds enough to receive his parting rays and enrich the prospect with a variety of colors.

The moon has begun to acquire luster from his absence and being but two nights old sheds a pale light upon the waters—now could any one wish a more delightful time to enter into the regions of *Æolia*? are not the very weather & prospect themselves enough to enliven the imagination without the idea that one is passing among the very haunts of fable and romantic fiction? Strombolo just begins to shew his fires. The explosions are sudden & of a short duration with an interval of from ten minutes to a half an hour. We are yet too distant for them to appear of much magnitude tho the light is very brilliant.

Brydone mentions that when he saw the islands several of them emitted smoke particularly Volcano & Volcanello. That is no longer the case, & Strombolo is the only one that emits either smoke or flame. The Genoese captains inform me that in bad weather this volcano is particularly violent in its eruptions continually casting up stones &c with a great noise—and that it makes a loud roaring when the fourth wind blows. It is a singular thing that this volcano should always emit its flames &c in sudden bursts or flashes, one would conceive that the inflammable matter collected in its bowels would burn steadily or if it really is sufficiently combustible to take fire suddenly & flash, that it

would all go off in one explosion like a quantity of gunpowder.

12 at night

We have now got to the southward of Strombolo so that his crater is no longer visible being situated on the NW side & below the summit of the island. The explosions of this island did not answer the expectations I had formed from the descriptions given by Brydone & other travellers, either in their magnitude or the height to which they are thrown. But they vary according to the weather, and are sometimes formidable indeed.

The island is high and rocky and shaped something like a wedge. Tho there is not much ground on it capable of Cultivation yet it contains a number of Inhabitants, who chiefly reside in a small village on the lower part of the Island. The chief fruits of the island are grapes and those not in great quantities.

The largest and most fertile of these islands is Lipara—and here Virgil fixes the habitation of Æolus. His sway extended over all these islands which were called Æolia & feigned to be the empire of the winds. Both Virgil & Homer mention them more than once—the former if I recollect right, in the first part of the Æneid represents the winds as shut up in their Caverns round which they

roam in search of a vent, roaring & howling at their imprisonment. This fable is evidently founded on the internal noise of these islands which antiently it is probable had each its proper crater. Homer for his part ties the winds up in leather bags or skins and says that, when Ulysses visited Æolus in his dominions, as a great favor he made him a present of them. The curiosity of Ulysses' companions, however, got the better of their prudence and they opened the bag to take a peak at their contents. The winds burst forth from their narrow prisons—a dreadful storm was the consequence and they paid for their temerity with their lives, being all shipwrecked & drowned except Ulysses who drifted thru the Straights of Mefsina on a plank or mast. It was to these islands too, I believe, that Juno repaired to solicit Æolus for a storm that might destroy the fleet of Æneas—but happily the latter was protected from the effects of it by Venus.

One of the Islands antiently called Hiera (at present Volcano) is also described by Virgil as one of Vulcans forges where he made the armoury of Æneas at the request [of] Venus. Here Virgil describes the employment of the Cyclops somewhat minutely as being engaged forming a thunderbolt for Jupiter. Volcano is said to have been the production of a violent convulsion of the earth in the

time of the Roman Republic—indeed it is the opinion of many, and not without probability, that all these islands have been at first produced in a similar manner and afterwards encreased in size from the discharges of their own Craters. These islands appertain to the King of Naples to whom they yield a considerable revenue producing abundance of alum, nitre, &c and excellent figs raisans—currants & other fruits. They are celebrated for producing the rich sweet wine held in great estimation termed Malvasia.

[January] 5th

At daybreak this morning we found ourselves within a few miles of the Straits of Messina and near to the Calabrian coast. The Sun rise presented to us one of the most charming scenes I ever beheld. To our left extended the lofty-Calabrian mountains their summits still partially enveloped in the mists of morning and the sun having just risen from behind them, breaking in full splendor from among the clouds. Behind us at a distance lay the Lipari islands and among them Strombolo vomiting up clouds of smoke. To our right Sicily rose gradually from the sea and swept up into verdant mountains skirted with delightful little plains in a high state of cultivation.

Immediately before us was the celebrated straight immortal in history & song. The whole country around was verdant and blooming as if in the midst of Spring. Villages, seats and towns diversified the prospect forming a variety of picturesque objects. Our favorable breeze still continued and we glided on gently to the mouth of the Strait. About a mile or perhaps a little more from the entrance of the straits is situated *Scylla* the rock so celebrated in fable and which both poets & historians were antiently so fond of clothing with imaginary terrors. It is at the foot of one of the high Calabrian mountains and advances boldly into the sea having at some distance (at least from the points from whence I beheld it) something of the appearance of a large square tower. On top of it is a small fortrefs and immediately behind it (tho on the same ridge) is built the town of Sciglio, which is the present name of the rock.

In front of the rock at its foot I could perceive two or more smaller ones which reared their heads high out of the water and appeared to be of a conical form. The whole is of a very picturesque form and would be a charming subject for the pencil.

The fable of this rock is, briefly, that *Scylla* daughter of *Phorcus*, conceived a violent passion for *Glaucus* one of the Deities of the ocean; whether

her affection was returned or not I cannot say—but Circe the enchantress who also loved Glaucus, became jealous of her (some say she intreated Circe to inspire Glaucus with a tenderness for her) and exerted her spells over the fountain in which Scylla bathed—so that when she next entered it she was changed into a hideous monster, from her waist downwards like a dog. Struck with terror and despair at her horrible metamorphosis the Nymph threw herself into the sea where the poets say she remained the terror and peril of Mariners, and surrounded by dogs who kept up an incessant howling and yelling. These dogs are doubtless the small rocks that I have mentioned as being at the foot of the large one, and their howling is the noise of the current from the straights that breaks & dashes against their bases. The danger that the ancients so often mention from Scylla was owing to the current setting upon it which might force the vessel thither—tho at present there appears to be no danger.

* As to the redoubtable gulph or whirlpool of Charybdis we sailed thro the middle of it and so far from being swallowed up, I did not even feel any agitation of the vessel, it may be formidable at particular times, but when we passed it it was scarcely

* This is a mistake. Charybdis is situated in quite a different place.

anything more apparantly than a rippling of the sea. Perhaps Jupiter shewed particular favor to us as *whilome* he did to the celebrated ship of Jason which the poets particularly mention, he suffered to pass safely thro all the dangers of Scylla & Charybdis. There must have been most certainly, infinitely more danger attending those places antiently than at present, to occasion their being mentiond so repeatedly as being formidable & terrific. If, as many suppose, and I see no great reason to doubt Sicily & Calabria formerly joind and were seperated by a violent convulsion, undoubtedly the straits must have been far more narrow and the current more rapid. As to the Calabrian shore it is bold and mountainous so that the sea has not probably gained much on that side and it remains in the same state as it was immediately after the supposed convulsion. The Sicilian shore on the contrary which is lower, may have gradually yielded to the sea and the straits widening the whirlpools & eddies that may have originally taken place from the current being rapid & confined, have by degrees subsided as the latter gaind space. Thus Charybdis has dwindled away and ceased to be an object of terror while Sicily from the stability of the shore, remains in its former state but from the practability of the entrance, is no longer difficult to be avoided. To

pass Charybdis you was formerly obliged to steer on the Calabrian side and consequently by Scylla towards which the current tended. This current as it is termed I believe is nothing more than a common tide. It runs northerly thro the straights for six hours & returns southerly for the same length of time and like other tides seems to be regulated by the Moon.

Opposite to Scylla on the Sicilian shore is Cape [blank] formerly termed Cape Pylorus (or Pelorus). Some ascribe the origin of this name to Pelorus Hannibals pilot whom he slew on suspicion of having wanted to betray him by bringing him to a place where there was no passage by which means he might be furrounded by his enemies; but on finding too late his error he appeased the Manes of Pelorus by erecting a statue or monument to his memory. By others it is said to be named after the pilot of Ulysses who was drowned here. At the point of the cape is situated the fanal or lighthouse—a singular looking building and apparently old. The Straight at this place is about a mile across but immediately widens. Before we entered we saw Strombolo make a great explosion infinitely superior to any that we saw last night. The smoke arose in a vast pillar to the clouds, and then spread in volumes around. This the Genoese captains told me was a sign that bad weather is at hand.

As we approached the entrance of the straights the prospect became more and more beautiful. Sicily presented a rich picture of cultivation & fertility and at a vast distance we could perceive *Ætna* rearing itself far above the other mountains — covered with snow and the summit shrouded in thick clouds. Calabria has likewise an appearance the most luxurient and picturesque. It is part of what was termed great Greece and was antiently renowned for its abundance. But at present it is overrun with woods — its inhabitants miserable — oppressed, barbarous & indolent unwilling to cultivate the earth as they know its produce would be wrested from them and starve in a land that with a little industry & attention would flow with “milk & honey”

*But what avails her unexhausted stores
Her blooming mountains & her sunny shores
With all the gifts that heaven & earth impart
The smiles of nature & the charms of art
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns
And tyranny usurps her happy plains.*

Advancing on our course we opened a hill that had all along intercepted the view — and Messina, its castles forts and harbor broke upon our sight!

This only was wanting to compleat the beauty of the scene — of all cities I have ever seen this in

my opinion is the most charming to approach. It is built at the foot of the mountains in a half moon round one side of the harbor facing the east and some of the houses gradually rising on the side of the mountain shew to great advantage. The churches, palaces, towers &c appear one above the other and many of them are handsome and of picturesque construction. On the summits of the heights around the city are situated forts, castles & convents and the promontory or Mole in front of the harbor is fortified by a noble citadel and several batteries.

If you can figure to yourself the city with its beauty of situation and picturesque Architecture — its grand harbor — the straights that extend themselves before it and gradually widen into the ocean, speckled with numerous sails, the opposite Calabrian coast, boldly rising into mountains clothed with wood and their bases adorned with smiling fields and villages, &c &c If, I say, you can figure to your imagination anything like the scene and over the whole cast the enlivening beams of the morning sun brightening every object and dancing on the tremulous waves of the ocean you may then have some idea of the enchanting prospect that presented itself as our vessel “proudly riding oer her azure realm” advanced to the city.

Never perhaps did nature assist more in forming a safe and beautiful harbor than at Messina. A narrow slip of land runs out from the foot of the mountain at the south end of the town and making a curve completely encloses the harbor like a huge basin, leaving only an entrance from the north between the end of this slip or promontory and the main land. This neck of land has very much the shape of a Sickle, which was observed anciently by the Greeks, who called the place by that name (*Zancle* or sickle). In their fables they relate that the Sickle of Saturn (who when deposed by Jupiter, had fled into Italy & taught agriculture) fell at this place and formed this singular promontory. It is well fortified by a strong citadel & several batteries, tho at present they are not well garrisoned. The harbor is as safe as a mill pond. The middle of it is extremely deep and requires a great length of Cable to anchor but near the key and the other borders it shallows to a very commodious depth. As we knew we should be quarantined we went directly to the quarter allotted for that purpose, which is opposite the Lazaretto built on the promontory. After anchoring we went to the health office which is on the key and raild off with iron bars. Here we made our report and had our papers examined after they had been well fumigated and

roasted almost to cinders. The people in these countries carry their dread of the fever to the most ridiculous lengths. They Quarantine vessels from every port tho never so healthy — and tho we came direct from Genoa where there has been no instance of the fever known, yet they use as much precaution with us and avoid us with equal care as if we had just left a city reeking with infection.

I had a hearty laugh at the apprehensions of one of the men of the health office. A small window over the lower steps of the stoop was opened, and he was sent to the door to tell our captain that he must talk thro this window to the people within. The captain not understanding Italian thought that he was told to come in the house and was advancing up the stoop when the fellow half frightened to death sprung to the other end of it and halloed for him to keep back. The captain stopped short in astonishment. The fellow made several attempts to pull shut the iron wicket of the stoop but as the captain stood close by it, he was violently apprehensive and as often as his fingers almost reachd the door he started back again as if the rails were red hot. At length he succeeded in jerking it shut and immediately run into the house trembling at the risk he had run of taking the fever from our honest captain who in circumference of body and

rosiness of complexion seemed the picture of health itself.

We had afterwards to go in a body — sailors and passengers, to the Lazaretto to be examined. There we found the commandant of the Lazaretto and a physician or two. We had to stand at some distance and answer their enquiries, after which we were ordered to take off our cravats and open the collars of our shirts that the doctor might see our necks & breasts. It appears, the sage geniuses imagined that it was possible to perceive whether people had the infection lurking in their veins by taking hasty looks at their necks & chest at ten or fifteen feet distance. We were then told to whack our arms together, like our labourers do on a cold day to warm themselves after which we were dismissed as healthy men. Tomorrow they will let us know how long we are to be quarantined.

There are no American merchant vessels in this port but the one I came in. This evening arrived the Schooner Nautilus from Syracuse, being one of the armed vessels that we have appointed to cruise in the Mediterranean. There are several English transports here procuring wines & other necessaries for Lord Nelsons fleet.

[January] 6th

This morning we were again at the health office and the Questions repeated. On our return we spoke to the Nautilus and Cap^t Strong found an acquaintance in the Lieutenant M^r George Reed of Philadelphia. He afterwards came off to our ship and remained at a little distance for sometime. From him we learned the particulars of the expedition against Tripoli, of which I had heard very exaggerated accounts in Genoa; by all accounts it was a most daring or rather desperate attack, the Americans having but one Frigate and six gunboats; it is no wonder therefore that they did not make much impression.

We were also visited by M^r Broadbent and the Captain of the Nautilus. The former is an English merchant that does the chief of the American business here, is agent for our ships and it is expected will be appointed consul. I had a letter of introduction to him from M^r Wollaston of Genoa which I delivered.

He informed us that Genoa was again put under blockade last October and that we were fortunate in not meeting any English cruizers as they would certainly have carried us into Malta, they having lately served an American Brig in that manner. The captain of the schooner has very politely offered

me a passage to Syracuse and if I please to Malta, he will sail in a day or two. If I can possibly get permission to quit the Quarantine I shall accept his offer.

Our Quarantine is now ascertained to be twenty one days, an extravagant time considering that we come from a healthy port, are all hearty and have scarcely any Cargo on board. But so it is — they have no conscience in this part of the world in regard to Quarantines and never think of Quarantining less than a week or fortnight. Perhaps our time is so long in consequence of having been boarded by the privateer as those visits generally make a material difference. These long quarantines are a heavy tax upon commerce particularly with the Americans who pay high wages to their seamen. It appears to me that they will occasion the American trade to the Mediterranean greatly to decrease. At present the *mania* rages with uncommon fierceness and a vessel can hardly go out of a port and return the next day without being put on Quarantine.

I have amused myself part of the day with spying at the town with a very good telescope we have on board — but it is impossible to distinguish the streets accurately or to see any of the houses to advantage.

Brydone mentions a noble range of houses of

uniform construction that extended for about a mile along the beautiful Quay of Mefsina. They were completely demolished by a tremendous earthquake in [*blank*] and nothing but the fronts remain in ruins to testify their former beauty. Mefsina has suffered often from these awful visitations and there is not a year passes but some commotion of the earth more or less violent is felt here. The day has been very fine, like one of our warm spring ones and indeed I found it uncomfortably warm to sit in the sun. This evening it has began to rain which verifies the prognostication of approaching bad weather made by the Genoese captains when they saw the violent explosion from Strombolo yesterday morning.

The colours of the ships of different nations which crowd the port make a gay appearance and as they are all more or less armed, we have a popping of cannons at intervals all day long.

There is a *pretty* assortment of vessels with us in Quarantine. Our next door neighbor is a Venetian and beyond him Greeks, Napolitans, Ragusans &c &c are jumbled together and the confusion of tongues & languages might rival the tower of Babel itself.

At the Lazaretto there is a large square surrounded by the Hospitals warehouse &c where we

are allowed to walk, guards being kept there with bayonets fixed on the ends of sticks, to attend and take care that the crews of different vessels do not touch one another.

At this place I generally find a collection of curious uncouth figures with their national dresses. The present "*Cock of the walk*" appears to be an old rich Greek with a great turban enormous trowsers or breeches that tuck in at the knees and a pipe of two or three yards in length. He is generally attended by four long bearded Capuchins who are Quarantined with him and perhaps are his travelling companions. At any rate they seem to pay him humble court, doubtless for the good of his soul and the edification of his pocket. They make a mighty handsome groupe as you may well suppose.

It is past twelve o'clock & I am sleepy—

Good night.

[*January*] 8th

Tho' as yet but two or three days of quarantine have as yet elapsed I already begin to be heartily tired of it, and to conceive it an intolerable species of imprisonment. We have been told repeatedly to take a guard on board, but the honest old captain who is highly chagrined at the length of his Quar-

antine, refuses to trouble himself about them and says they may send their guard if they choose but he will not search for them. We consequently remain without any contrary to their regulations. For my part I find this mighty convenient as I range the harbor in our boat and hold frequent discourses with the officers of the Nautilus. The guards from shore stamp and swear and bawl after me incessantly, if they had not a great respect for the Americans here I expect I should be used like other persons whom I see now and then driven back to their vessels. Indeed one of the boats did attempt a thing* of the kind yesterday and gave us chase having a guard in it armed with a bayonet on the end of a stick. As we did not regard that kind of fire arms we laughed at him and advised him to keep his distance—he thought proper to take our advice as he saw four stout American sailors in our boat ready to *pat him on the head* with their long oars. I have in consequence received two or three severe reprimands at the health office which I pretended not to understand and of course took no notice of, but I expect I shall be stopped soon by their firing at the boat from one of the batteries as they have threatened something of the kind.

To pass away time I have procured a book or two from the shore that treats of Sicily—and am

busily employed in translating them into English, this is very difficult as I am but little acquainted with the language but it is attended with three advantages as I find amusement in it, improve myself in Italian and inform myself concerning this interesting Island.

The captain, honest old foul, is continually lamenting his deplorable situation and exclaiming against the health office and government. I have detected the old gentleman in a great attachment to methodism and a violent affection for Lunar observations. He has also an invincible propensity to *familiarize* names and Jack's & Jill's everybody he speaks of. Our conversation therefore is whimsical enough and we alternately discuss the New Testament and the nautical almanack and talk indiscriminately of *Joe* Pilmore, *Jack* Hamilton More, *Tom* Truxton, *Kil* Columbus & *Jack* Wesley. Methodism and Lunar observations preside by turns and you may judge how well calculated [I am] to shine at either. The poor old gentleman thinks he is among a set of Barbarians who are *groping in ignorance* and "stumbling upon the dark mountains." He groans whenever the bells ring for Mass, abominates the herds of priests and monks that crowd this place, and has plainly demonstrated to me that the Roman church is the

great beast with seven horns and the pope is no more and no less than the Whore of Babylon. Take him altogether, he is a worthy soul with a kind heart and good disposition; he will sit for an hour or two and talk of his wife and children with so much honest pride and affection as shew he must be of a most amiable domestic character.

[*January*] 10th

I fear I shall be disappointed in my hopes of departing in the Nautilus. Cap^t Dent who commands her informs me that he expects orders to sail for Palermo in which case I cannot think of accompanying him as I being a *quarantined* person would subject his vessel to Quarantine in that port. Dent appears to be a very clever gentlemanlike fellow. I have had several conversations with him and he has given me considerable information with respect to our Mediterranean affairs. We have several vessels at Syracuse, which is their rendezvous. I shall therefore perhaps find some acquaintances there. Our officers are generally very good looking fellows—their uniform has lately been altered and is very handsome & becoming. Our sailors are also superior in looks to any other except the English and our vessels are much admired. There are several

gunboats preparing at this place for the projected attack on Tripoli, which most probably will take place in the latter part of the spring or commencement of the summer ensuing when the weather will have settled.

[January] 15th

The weather has been variable since our arrival — frequent showers of rain have fallen, but not a day has passed that did not afford some hours of sunshine, and the air has been always temperate and agreeable. For two or three days past I could have worn light summer cloathing without any inconvenience. The evenings are uniformly delightful. It is really romantic to sit on deck and watch the gradual departure of day and the slow approach of night. It realizes the descriptions that poets and writers of romance delight in and this, you know, is one of the countries where they love to place the scene of their fables. I have frequently sat for two and three hours and enjoyed the luxury of the prospect. The sun gradually declining behind the Sicilian mountains amid a rich assemblage of clouds that render his exit more splendid — Their colours gradually deepening into a glowing crimson, then changing into a purple and at last sinking into a modest grey. By this time the moon begins to shew

her paler glories on the other side of the horizon—breaking from behind the high mountains that form the Calabrian shore. By degrees she attains a commanding height, pours a full stream of radiance over the rapid and restless waters of the Straits—and the more tranquil waters of this delightful harbor. Her “silver beams” brighten up the surrounding forts & castles—and the white buildings of Mefaina—and “sleep in gentle brilliance” on its neighboring towers & convents. All is tranquility and repose except now and then the silence is interrupted by the found of some vesper bell, the watchword of the guards or the full chorus’s from some of the ships in quarantine whose crews every evening chant a hymn to the Virgin. This music is simple solemn and affecting—and is peculiarly in unison with the scene. The other evening I was highly delighted when, after having sat on deck a long time indulging in those delicious reveries such scenes are calculated to inspire, I was aroused by a strain of soft Sicilian music that came from a distance and gradually swelled in the silence of the night. Where it came from I could not perceive. The sounds were so soft—so sweet yet so clear & distinct in their modulations that they seemed almost æreal. By turns they swelled into a full body of harmony and then died away in liquid cadence. It seemed like a

choir of Aëreal spirits that were traversing the air — and being in the country of romance I was almost tempted to yield to its sway and indulge the fancy that they were so.

I fear I tire you with discriptions—I wish to make you partaker in all my pleasures, and those that are imparted to me by furrounding Scenery are generally the greatest. My feelings are very often as much influenced by the prospects that surround me, as others are by the weather and a lovely landscape has always a most enlivening effect on my spirits.

There has some snow fallen on the tops of the mountains but it soon disappeared, nor was the cold felt in the lower places. The Skirts of the mountains are green & flourishing and I observe the ground plowed and cultivated like in Spring or Summer. Fruit is exceeding cheap. For a basket of fine oranges figs raisins nuts &c I paid but a shilling sterling—and this too was at Quarantine where the prices of course are imposing. The Oranges are from Calabria — very large and delicious—for a dozen I paid about *seven* cents, and doubtless in the city they are cheaper.

One of my amusements is sailing about the harbor for which purpose I have had the yaul fitted up with fails. We have now two guards aboard one of whom I am obliged always to take with me. He

attempted several times to stop me from sailing about for amusement, but finding his menaces were not understood nor regarded he has given the matter up. The poor guards were terribly alarmed the day before yesterday. I wished to get a letter to the post office by way of the Nautilus as the health office opens every letter that passes thro it. If, however the Nautilus was observed to take a letter from us unsmoked she would be Quarantined. I watchd therefore an opportunity when both the guards were on shore at the Lazzeretto, to get two of the hands to row me to the sch^r. I had not got far from the ship before I was perceived from the shore and the guards set up a hideous bellowing. I pretended not to hear them and told the sailors to pull away, they gave me close chase in the long boat so that I was unable to get my letter on board and had to surrender to them. They made a violent noise about it and told me that if I went ashore without them I would certainly be fined and thrown in prison and they would be hung—I laughed at the bug bears they were conjuring up and merely answered them with *bye & bye*. This is a cant word the sailors make use of towards the guards whenever they do not wish to obey their direction, or to understand them—and it has become quite common among all the guards at the Lazaretto—they cannot con-

ceive its signification as it is used in such opposite cases. Our poor guards have been so often worried with it that they are quite out of patience at the sound and swear that it is a *word of the Devil* (una parola del Diavolo).

There are a number of English transports in port procuring wine and other stores for Lord Nelsons fleet. An English frigate arrived also a few days ago from the fleet off Toulon. Every day there are more or less vessels entering the harbor or passing thro the strait which gives an air of life and business to the scene. Among other arrivals is an English privateer that has been cruising and among other vessels captured the Brig Favorite of Philadelphia bound to Genoa and near to that port. They carried her in to Malta where she is performing quarantine at present & her fate is not determined. This Privateer is riding Quarantine the next ship but one to us. She has a most delectable crew of Maltese Italians &c &c and but two or three Englishmen on board. Yesterday they had a high altercation at the Lazaretto several of the sailors having mutined against the Lieutenant. The latter stripped and was for boxing the whole of them but that was what they were not accustomed to and one of them drew his knife and if he had not been prevented would have stabbed the Lieutenant. I

am surprized the English are not more jealous of the dignity of their flag. At present it is assumed by all the pirates in the Mediterranean with impunity and is the rallying standard for the vilest wretches in existence. Perhaps there is no flag in the world under which greater enormities are committed.

The captain of the privateer, I believe, was afraid to trust himself any longer among such a gang of ruffians so he sent them all ashore this morning *bag and baggage* & I don't believe Noah's ark itself could have furnished a more motley debarkation.

This day we had to undergo another health office manœuvre. A chafing dish with charcoal and a couple of paquets of drugs were sent on board. We were all ordered down into the hold the hatches nearly all closed—a fire made in the Chaffing dish and the drugs thrown on which occasioned a thick smoke of a disagreeable smell. Here we were huddled round the infernal pot of *incense* like a group of conjurers inhaling the suffocating steams of a mélange of vile drugs for a quarter of an hour after which we were permitted once more to emerge into the “cheerful day.”

This I find is a sage expedient of the Health Physician to know if any person on board has the fever lurking in his veins as this fumigation immediately makes it break out. In the afternoon

we were ordered ashore at the lazaretto where the Doctor again took a look at our necks and bosoms. We have now about twelve days more of Quarantine to perform and must undergo a repetition of these *pleasant* operations, perhaps with a few variations for they seem to be as fond of trying experiments upon us, as the philosophical professors at College do upon unlucky rats that fall in their clutches.

[January] 23

This day we had another smoaking of the drugs of which *assafoetida* is one of the principal. We then underwent a third examination from the Doctor who dismissed us as being *incorrigibly healthy* in spite of all their operations. Tomorrow we are promised *pratique* or entry — as they intend to allow us one or two days of grace.

NOTES
OF A TOUR IN EUROPE IN 1804-5.
VOL. 2^D
From January 24th to April 13th 1805
containing
route from Messina thro Sicily & to Rome
with residence at different places.





NOTES

OF A TOUR IN EUROPE IN 1804-5

[In this second volume of Irving's manuscript forty-six pages are left blank after the entry for February 12. As the hasty TRAVELLING NOTES cover the period omitted, they are substituted on pp. 115-146 of the present volume, and are further utilized to describe events between April 13 and May 17, when Volume Four of the carefully written manuscript begins.]

Messina, January 24, 1805.

THIS morning we were released from Quarantine after performing the necessary ceremonies of giving our names, professions countries &c at the health office. I immediately went on board the Schooner Nautilus as she expected to sail for Syracuse in the evening — waiting only for the arrival of some timber which she is to carry to Syracuse to repair the mast of the ship President.

In the course of the day I was ashore and rambled thro the city in company with Captain Dent, with whom also I dined at M^r Broadbents, the English gentleman to whom I brought a letter of

introduction. He acts as navy agent to the American Navy and is to be appointed American Consul for the Island of Sicily. He is a gentleman of the most mild & amiable manners and universally known & beloved. I found at his table several Englishmen, among whom was a M^r Smith, an English lawyer on his travels but who has lived with Broadbent for two or three years.

Messina at present presents very little to the curious eye of the traveller either as to antiquities or public edifices. The dreadful earthquake in 1783 has reduced many parts of it to heaps of ruins, and is discernable more or less in almost every street & square. The elegant row of buildings that extended for a mile and a quarter along the Quay in a uniform style of architecture, are completely demolished, not one of them remaining in any degree habitable. When standing they must have given an air of much grandeur to the city and added greatly to the beauty of the harbor. Many of the churches and palaces are also shaken to the ground and in some of the streets the higher stories of the houses have given way and since, they have been repaired and rendered into two stories. The earthquake has been most destructive in its effects near the water and its traces are fainter in the upper parts of the city. The inhabitants have scarcely yet

got over its paralyzing effects and still talk of it with emotions of horror. They are just beginning to build again, but do it slowly — seem to consult very little the elegancies of architecture and seldom build higher than two stories. Many, however, still reside in the suburbs & vicinities of the town where they fled in time of the alarm, and have fitted up the cottages into comfortable & even elegant appartments nor can any thing induce them to forsake them.

On the top of one of the hills behind the city is an old castle said to have been built by Prince [blank] of England in the time of the Cruisades when he made a long sojourn at Mefsina. I could not get quite to the castle and had to content myself with a view of it from a road that runs along the hill a little below it. It is now in ruins, a tower still remaining in pretty good preservation. It is of a gothic structure and has a picturesque appearance. On a neighboring hill is the Convent for the Nobility the church of which has a handsome front and a curious steeple of a spiral form. A terrace in front of the church commands a fine view of the city, harbor, straits, &c.

Among the churches the cathederal is the most remarkable. It is extremely gothic — the roof inside of wood with large rafters crofsing the church, gilt and painted with pictures of saints & angels.

On the pavement of the church is drawn a meridian line on which the sun is cast thro a small hole in the roof and tells the time of the year month day &c.

The houses throughout Mefsina are generally of a very moderate height — built of whitish stone & plaistered. Iron raild balconies to the second story are universal. The walls of the houses along the Quay appear to have been very injudiciously constructed of bricks & round stones promiscuously jumbled together and badly cemented they were therefore poorly calculated to withstand the frequent & severe shocks of the earthquake. The whole city seems but the shadow of what it was before this tremendous event. The historians of Mefsina bestow the highest degree of antiquity on its origin. By some it is ascribed to Shem the son of Noah, called by the Italians Cam — & sometimes Zoroaster for his having been inventor of Magic. Having espoused Rea (antiently termed Cybele) in Italy he passed into Sicily & was so pleased with the situation of the Faro that he built a city there which was denominated Zancle from the curvature of its port resembling a sickle. After having experienced some misfortunes it was again rebuilt by Orion in the year of the world 4434 and 1755 years before the Christian Era—he also built a temple on Pelorus and

dedicated [it] to Neptune — from those & other renowned deeds both in arts & arms he was enumerated among the heros & placed among the stars.

Mefsina has gone thro a variety of scenes of trouble & warfare and is conspicuous in antient history. It was here that the cause of the first Punic war originated owing to the contentions of the Romans & Carthagenians for this place so important to the security of Italy. When in the hands of the Romans it was called Mamertina from the Mamertines, people of Campania.

Jan^y 29th

The short stay I have made at Mefsina prevents my being more particular in describing it, this I shall postpone till my return. My stay in it was rendered unpleasant by an unfortunate rencontre in the streets the other evening between one of the officers of the Nautilus & the mate of an English transport wherein the latter was killd. This occasiond much stir among the English in Mefsina who insisted upon the Governor's demanding the officer from the Cap^t of the Schooner. Cap^t Dent refused to deliver him up but gave his word of honor that he should be delivered up to the commodore at Syracuse. With this the Governor was contented, tho the English were strenuous that he should use

forcible measures. There was consequently, a constraint thrown over our communications with each other that rendered our intimacies unpleasant.

I was introduced to the Governor the other morning by Cap^t Dent & M^r Broadbent and had a very polite reception. He conversed with me some minutes and was particular in his enquiries concerning Genoa and how the French comported themselves in respect to that city. He shrugged up his shoulders at my account and seemed to anticipate a similar fate for Melsina from his remarks.

This morning we set sail with a light breeze but was detain'd off of the port for some time waiting for the English Schooner that had the timber on board. We bore round the promontory that forms the Harbor and saw Charybdis at a distance foaming & dashing in large breakers. This is no longer an object of terror to the mariners nor is there any necessity for ships to take much pains in avoiding it. In calm weather however they are often baffled and worried in it and the helm losing its power the ship turns round & round. I cannot perceive the imminent risk that mariners were said to undergo of running on Scylla when they avoided Charybdis. Scylla is shelter'd from Charybdis by a low sandy point of land & is ten miles at least distant, it appears to me there is a mistake in the place that is

at present shewn for Charybdis & that it must have laid in the mouth of the straits.

Charybdis is said to have been a rapacious woman who stole Hercules's oxen in revenge for which he plunged her into the sea.

We had a fine view of the two coasts of Sicily & Calabria, rising into rocky mountains but skirted with towns & villages. Of the latter many were situated on the summits of pointed hills or rocks & over hung the sea. This is to secure them from the inroads of Barbary corsairs who infest these coasts. On the Calabrian shore we saw Reggio or as it was antiently termed Rhegium, it was formerly a Roman colony and was ruined by Dionysius the Tyrant of Syracuse. He commanded the people of Rhegium that they should fend him one of their most beautiful and noble young women for a wife—out of derision or carelessness they sent him the daughter of a slave in revenge of which he laid their city in ruins. It is now a small town pleasantly situated on the Sea Coast, and was much damaged by the same earthquake that was so destructive to Messina. Towards sundown we had a distinct tho distant view of Mount Ætna. It is covered with snow more than half way down so that I fear I shall find it difficult to ascend it. The crater is also visible and emits smoke but not in great quantities. The Breeze

has freshened up and is ahead, the Schooner however is a remarkable fine sailer, but has to shorten sail to keep with the English Schooner in convoy.

[January] 30

After a night of stiff gales we found ourselves this morning half way to Syracuse but the English schooner not in sight. The captain supposing she had put back to Mefsina—put about immediately and run before the wind for that port. We passed thro Charybdis which made a heavy broken Sea. After all that has been said & sung of this celebrated place it would make but a contemptible appearance aside of our pass called Hellgate—and is nothing to compare to it either in real or apparent danger. We came to anchor safe in the harbor of Mefsina where we also found the English Schooner. The city was quite in a state of alarm. News had been brought that a large fleet had been seen off the straits. The inhabitants were in great consternation thinking it was either the French or English fleet coming to take possession of the place. We were told that many of the richer inhabitants were pushing off into the country to conceal their money & valuables.

[January] 31st

This morning two ships of the line were seen entering the Straits. The whole town was instantly in an uproar—the Marina was crowded with spectators—couriers passing and repassing from the city to the Faro and troops marching about to man the forts. Several more ships made their appearance and it was ascertained to be the English fleet—in a short time Lord Nelsons ship the Victory hove in sight—they all advanced most majestically up the Straits—the people seemed to wait in fearful expectation. The fleet however soon relieved their apprehensions—they continued on without entering the harbor. We immediately got under way making a signal for the English schooner to do the same as we wished to have a good view of the fleet. The English schooner was a long time in coming out which gave us a fine opportunity by standing back again to examine the fleet. It consisted of eleven sail of the line three frigates & two Brigs all in prime order and most noble Vessels. We had understood before we left Messina that Nelson was in search of the French fleet which had lately got out of Toulon. The fleet continued in sight all day. It was very pleasing to observe with what promptness and dexterity the signals were made, answered and obeyed. The

fleet seemed as a body of men under perfect discipline. Every ship appeared to know its station immediately and to change position agreeably to command with the utmost precision. Nelson has brought them to perfect discipline—he has kept them at sea a long time with very little expence—they seldom having more than three sails set all the while they were off Toulon. He takes great pride in them and says there is not a vessel among them that he would wish out of the fleet. We had a fine sunset the sun declining gradually behind Mount Ætna and displaying with great force of shade & colour its gigantic outlines. In the evening the wind freshened and blew ahead, but in the night was very light & baffling.

February 1st

THIS Morning we found ourselves in pretty much the same situation as last evening—the Schooner that we have to convoy is a slow sailer and the captain appears fearful of carrying sail so that we frequently have to lay to for him, and he operates as a continual clog on our Vessel. In the course of the day the wind freshened and blew very strong—the sea washed over us repeatedly—the other schooner could not stand it, but scud before it under bare poles, but fortunately it subsided and came about in

the evening to the west so that we were once more enabled to continue on our course.

I found the society of the officers very agreeable—the Wardroom consisted of Lieuts Ried Ridgely & Calsin — Tootle the purser and Dr Jaques. Good humor reigned among them and they had always a joke or a good story at hand to make the time pass away gaily.

[February] 2nd

This morning we had lost sight of the schooner and determined to take no more trouble about her but make the best of our way to Syracuse. We soon ran in sight of the city and about two o'clock anchored safe in the harbor. Here we found several of our ships that are sent out against Tripoli—viz. the Frigates President—Essex, Constellation & Congress and the Brig Vixen. The harbor is extensive and one of the safest in the world—it is sufficiently capacious to accommodate large fleets with convenience. Indeed if we may credit ancient historians it has formerly contained immense ones. I was impatient to land and view the interior of a city once so celebrated for arts & arms—that gave birth to men so renowned as Heroes & Philosophers.

But heavens! what a change! Streets gloomy & ill built—and poverty filth and misery on every

side. No appearance of trade or industry no countenance displaying the honest traits of ease & independence — all is servility indigence & discontent.

Our Vefsels, however, have given a great change to the face of affairs at Syracuse. The money they have circulated there has given comparatively an air of life to the place and even began to encourage a faint return of commerce. Formerly it was impossible for the traveller to find an inn to rest at but now there are two established in the English style. The accommodations tolerable (tho for Sicily, excellent) and the tables they keep are very plentifully supplied particularly at Smiths hotel.

They have the best company of singers for their opera that is in Sicily, drawn thither by the liberality of the American officers who were in the habit of throwing money on the stage to any performer who pleased them. The first singer Cecilia, is a pretty little woman and has a delightful voice of great sweetness & strength. I am surprized she is not engaged on some of the large Italian theatres. She is supported by Cap^t — in a very handsome manner.

[*February*] 4th

Yesterday I was introduced by Cap^t Dent to the officers of our Vefsels. On board of the *Elsex* I

found W^m Amory of Boston Lieu^t of Marines—well known throughout the United States for his wildness & eccentricity. Of an honest heart & good disposition but the most heedless mad cap genius that ever existed. Nothing but a most excellent constitution has supported him thro the extravagancies and excesses he has continually committed. He is at present far more steady and very few that have gone thro such a round of dissipation can boast of a constitution so good as Amory's is at present.

On board the same ship I was introduced to Lieu^t Woolsey of New York with whom I was very highly pleased. In the evening I went to a most miserable private masquerade. The room in which it was held seemd as if part of a stable—yet I was told there were several of the nobility of Syracuse present. A number of American officers were there—as usual in high glee & full of frolic.

This morning I walked out of town to visit the celebrated Ear of Dionysius the Tyrant. I was accompanied by D^r Baker of the President, Davis a midshipman and Tootle purser of the Nautilus. The scenery in the neighborhood of Syracuse is very pleasing. After leaving the gates we ascended a little rising land and had a charming prospect. To our left the picturesque city of Syracuse—before us the beautiful harbor calm & unruffled like a

vast mirror reflecting the frigates that lay at anchor in the midst of it and the small craft that were gliding on its surface—beyond a large tract of rich level country diversified by trees and plantations and clothed with the finest verdure—and to our right the Hybla mountains bounded the view. The face of the country the mildness & salubrity of the air reminded me of our fine days in the month of May particularly when crossing the fields where I saw a variety of wild flowers in full blow. The approach to the ear of Dionysius is thro a vast quarry, one of those from whence the stone for the edifices of antient Syracuse was procured. It is a soft kind of white freestone that is very easily cut but hardens on exposure to the air. The bottom of this Quarry is cultivated in many places and being entirely open overhead to the sun and shelterd on every side from the wind by high precipices it is very fertile.

Travellers have generally been very careless in their account of the *Ear*. Some one originally started the observation that it was cut in the form of a human ear, and every one who has since given a discription of it has followed in the same track and made the same remark. *Brydone* among the rest, joins in it. I am not however surprized at his falling in the error for I have generally found him

more fanciful than correct and more studious of turning a handsome period or giving a pretty story than imparting accurate information respecting the places thro which he passed. Indeed he gives such a hurried, careless account of the very interesting curiosities in & about Syracuse that I doubt much whether he saw one third of them.

The ear is a vast serpentine cavern something in the form of the letter S reversed; its greatest width is at the bottom from whence it narrows with an inflection to the top—something like the external shape of an ass's ear. Its height is about eighty or ninety feet and its length about one hundred and twenty. It is the same height and dimensions from the entrance to the extremity where it ends abruptly. The marks of the tools are still perfectly visible on the walls of the cavern—the rock is brought to a regular surface the whole extent without any projections or curvatures as in the human ear. About half way in the cavern is a small square recess or chamber cut in one side of the wall even with the ground. And at the interior extremity there appears to be a small recess at the top but it is at present inaccessible. A poor man that lives in the neighborhood attended us with torches of straw by which we had a very good view of the interior part of the ear. Holes are discernable near the in-

terior end of the cave which are made in the wall at regular distances and ascend up in an inclined direction. They are about an inch in diameter. Some of the company were of opinion that they have formerly contributed to the support of a stairs or ladder but there is no visible place where a stairs could lead to—and the holes do not go above half the height of the cavern.

There are several parts of the ear in which the discharge of a pistol makes a prodigious report heightened by the echoes & reverberations of the cavern. One of the company had a fowling piece which he discharged and it made a noise almost equal to a discharge of artillery, though not so sharp a report. A pistol also produced a report similar to a volley of musquetry. The best place to stand to hear the echoes to advantage is in the mouth of the cavern. A piece of paper torn in this place makes an echo as if some person had struck the wall violently with a stick in the back of the cave.

This singular cavern is called the Ear of Dionysius from the purpose for which it is said to have been destined by that Tyrant. Conscious of the disaffection of his subjects and the hatred and enmity his Tyrannical government had produced he became suspicious & distrustful even of his courtiers that surrounded him. He is said to have had this cav-

ern made for the confinement of those persons of whom he had the strongest suspicions. It was so constructed that any thing said in it, in ever so low a murmur—would be conveyed to a small aperture that opened into a little chamber where he used to station himself & listen. This chamber is still shewn. It is on the outside of the ear just above the enterance and communicates with the interior. Some of the officers of our Navy have been in it last summer; they were lowerd down to it by ropes and mention that sounds are conveyed to it from the cavern with amazing distinctness. I wished very much to get to it and the man who attended us, brought me a cord for the purpose but my companions protested they would not assist in lowering me down and finally persuaded me that it was too hazardous as the cord was small & might be chafed thro in rubbing against the rock in which case I would run a risk of being dashd to pieces. I therefore abandond the project for the present.

There are a number of other excavations of great dimensions and singular form in different parts of this Quarrey—some are occupied by persons who manufacture saltpetre—the neighboring earth being strongly impregnated with it. These furnaces have renderd the caverns black and dismally gloomy and added to the squalled, sooty appear-

ance of the inhabitants & their furnaces & cauldrons blazing boiling & smoaking would afford a poet a tolerable idea for a discription of the entrance to the infernal regions. In one part of the Quarrey and near the centre is a lofty fragment of rock completely insulated. On the top of it are the ruins of a small tower that most probably has been a watch tower or a look out — at present it is inaccessible but near it lie vast masses of Rock in which are discernable the remains of a stairs cut in the stone which formerly led to this tower, but has been over thrown & shattered to pieces by an earthquake.

A little distance to the east of the ear are the remains of an antient theatre. It is built on the side of a hill — the seats still remain in good preservation many of them being cut in the rock of which the hill is formed. This theatre from its situation and construction was supposed to be Grecian which was confirmed by a Greek inscription on one of the stone seats now in possession of Landolini, the Kings antiquarian at Syracuse.

Just above the theatre are several arches of an antient aqueduct that formerly supplied the city of Syracuse with water. It now furnishes a stream for a mill situated near the theatre, and runs with extreme rapidity & violence.

[February] 5th

This morning I went to see the Caticombs in company with Lieut. Ried, Tootle & Baker. In our walk we passed a place where has lately been dug up the ruins of a temple supposed to have been dedicated to Venus. Several columns were laying near the hole they are of grey granite some plain doric and others fluted spirally. Here they have found a beautiful statue of a Venus and a small statue of coarse alabaster of Esculapius. The former wants the head and an arm but I have no doubt but that they would be found on a farther search. The figure stands in an inclined posture something like the Venus of Medicis. One hand is covering the left breast and the left hand grasps a fold of a robe that is round her feet and raised up to her middle. They are in possession of Landolini. The workmen have desisted from any further search as the Antiquarian has no money to pay them! The environs of this city are perfect mines of antiquities every now and then some new objects are accidentally coming to light unfortunately however very little encouragement is given to developpe them. The king of Naples has allowed 600 ounces for the searching of antiquities in Sicily—two hundred for each division—a sum by no means adequate for a country that abounds with them, but in a buried state, re-

quiring considerable expence to restore them to view. It has been expended some time since. To arrive at the catacombs we had to pass thro a small chapel of a gothic appearance. Here we found a venerable capuchin whose wrinkled front and white beard seemed to say that he should soon be an inhabitant of the silent abodes that he was going to shew us. He lighted two flambeaus one of which he gave to our guide to carry. We first were led by him to a subterraneous chapel where was the sepulchre of some saint or another whose name we could not understand. This chapel we were told was one of the first that was erected in Sicily in the very early ages of Christianity — perhaps founded by St Paul during his stay here on his voyage from Malta to Rome. The walls around were adorned with uncouth pictures of saints and angels that appeared as antique as the chapel itself.

We did not remain long in the chapel but ascending passed thro a small enclosure or yard from which we descended by a small entrance into the Catacombs.

These are astonishing excavations in the rock that extend to an unknown distance under ground. They consist of vaulted passages that branch out into various directions — on each side you pass continually large recesses that contain places for the

dead. Some of these are very large with sixty or seventy receptacles for bodies in a row. These we were told had been intended as family tombs.

In different places are round halls about 18 or twenty feet in diameter gradually lessening to the top where there is a round hole in each that was perhaps formerly used as a ventilator tho now they are generally stoppd up. From these halls are four passages that lead in different directions till they come to other halls and then branch out again, forming a complete labarynth where without an experienced guide a stranger would be completely bewilderd and lost. No bones are to be found in the catacombs at present having no doubt long since mouldered to dust. The walls are damp and water filters thro them in many places. Our old capuchin pointed to us one passage that he said led to Catania (*only* 40 miles distant). This was discovered he told us, by a priest and two boys who undertook to explore it carrying a supply of provisions and torches. The priest and one boy died on the way and the survivor was almost sinking when he emerged into day at the foot of Mount *Ætna*! The old father's story holds good its ground notwithstanding all its improbability for no body has hardihood or inclination to put its veracity to the test of experiment. These extensive catacombs

are a proof of what amazing population the antient Syracuse must have been possessed.

From hence we crossed several fields to a convent of capuchins that stands near the Sea Coast pleasantly situated on an eminence. Belonging to this convent is the garden of the Latomie, formed in the bottom of one of the immense quarries of antient Syracuse. You go down a number of steps cut in the solid rock before you enter the garden which is about one hundred feet below the level surface of the ground. You then arrive at a perfect labyrinth of sweets. The garden is separated into different parts by the rocks and you pass from one to another thro rude & immense arches formed by the falling of part of the rocks. Great masses of rocks stand in two or three places in the midst of the garden eighty or 90 feet high, their tops over spread with rich foliage and picturesque trees. The sides of the rocks that surround the garden rise perpendicular & even like walls, running vines Indian fig myrtle &c over hanging the precipices and growing in some places out of the fissures of the stone. Shelterd from every chilling blast & open to the genial rays of the sun the garden is in perpetual bloom and the fruits arrive to great perfection. Oranges lemons figs &c &c are in profusion, the trees were loaded with the two former and I saw here the largest

& finest citrons I have met with in Sicily. In short the garden if in the hands of a person of taste, could be made a perfect Eden. Abounding with the most romantic & picturesque scenery and capable of producing the most luxurient fruits & flowers.

*“ Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes and more exalted Scents
E’en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.”*

In two places in this antient quarry there are remains of caves that have been cut similar to the ear of Dionysius, but either the rocks have caved in or something else has intervened to prevent their being finished. In one part of the garden we were shewn the tomb of an American midshipman lately killed in a duel with one of his shipmates. He was buried in a hole cut in the side of the rock and afterwards plastered up. An inscription in English is marked on the outside above which the good fathers have erected a cross.

After having rambled for some time amid the picturesque scenes of this singular & delightful retreat we ascended to the convent. As one of the company was thirsty & expressed a wish for a draught of water they led us into the refectory and produced a small pitcher of wine making at the same time very strong exhortations to sobriety &

temperance observing that a little wine was good but to drink much was both injurious & sinful. I do not know how far their advice would have been followed had not the execrable taste of the wine forced us to comply with it. It surely carried its persuasions to sobriety along with it. My complaisance induced me to force down half a tumbler full. Lieut Ried however could not contain himself, but spit out the first mouthful making dreadful wry faces. I was affraid the good fathers would have been offended but they appeared to take it in good part, on leaving them we gave them some money, for they always expect some solid recompence for their civilities.

[February] 6th

This morning Lieut's Murray & Gardner & Cap^t Hall of the ship President Cap^t Dent of the Nautilus & myself set off to pay another visit to the Ear of Dionysius. We dispatched before hand a midshipman & four sailors with a Spar and a couple of Halyards. On arriving there we went to the top of the precipice immediately over the mouth of the cave. Here we fastned ourselves to one of the Halyards and were lowered successively over the edge of the precipice (having previously disposed the spar along the edge of the rock so as to keep the

halyard from chaffing) into a small hole over the entrance of the ear and about fifteen feet from the summit of the precipice. The persons lowered were Murray Hall the midshipman & myself the others swearing they would not risk their necks to gratify their curiosity.

This is the famous chamber of Dionysius into which it is said he used to go to listen to the discourse of the prisoners confined in the ear.

The cavern narrows as it approaches the top till it ends in a narrow channel that runs the whole extent and terminates in this small chamber. A passage from this hole or chamber appears to have been commenced to be cut to run into the interior of the rock but was never carried more than ten or fifteen feet. We then began to make experiments to prove if sound was communicated from below to this spot in any extraordinary degree. Gardner fired a pistol repeatedly but it did not appear to make a greater noise than when we were below in the mouth of the cavern. We then tried the conveyance of voices—in this we were more successful. One of the company stationed himself at the interior extremity of the ear and applying his mouth close to the wall spoke to me just above a whisper. I was then stationed with my ear to the wall in the little chamber on high and about 250

feet distant and could hear him very distinctly. We conversed with one another in this manner for some time. He then moved to other parts of the cavern and I could hear him with equal facility his voice seeming to be just behind me. When however he applied his mouth to the opposite side of the cave it was by no means so distinct. This is easily accounted for as one side of the channel is broken away at the mouth of the cavern which injures the conveyance of the sound. After all, I doubt very much whether the cave was ever intended for the purposes ascribed to it. The fact is, that when more than one person speaks at a time it creates such a confusion of sound between their voices & the echoes that it is impossible to distinguish what they say. This we tried repeatedly and found to be invariably the case.

It is true, there are numerous places cut in the wall that still remain, to which it is said the prisoners were fastened but the stone is of a soft nature and if the prisoners were not bound hand & feet they could easily break thro these *stone staples* with their chains. Is it not equally probable that they were places to fasten animals to: which might be reserved here for public games? The kings antiquarian Landolini, also differs in opinion with the historians of the *Ear*. He thinks it has been

intended by Dionysius as a place of torture and that the cries of the tortured encreased by the echoes would be so tremendous as to make a lively imprefion on the minds of the prisoners who were brought within hearing of them — and induce them fully to confels their crimes to escape fimilar sufferings. This however, is an extremely vague conjecture and does not fatisfy me more than the first one so the matter must still remain in doubt, affording a charming scope for conjecture to the antiquarians & the curious.

In the afternoon we visited the cathederal formerly a temple of Minerva but now dedicated to S^t Lucia. Two rows of vast Tuscan pillars with their capitols & cornice still remain and having been duly purified are permitted to form a part of this most holy sanctuary. In the church they have several curiosities — viz an amber cup of beautiful workmanship — the last supper is carved on the cover in a space about the size of a dollar and the figures are all distinct & well formed. An antique sandal of leather & Velvet, a beautiful alto relievo of the last supper on an alter in one of the side chapels — a considerable number of precious reliques of saints consisting of bones &c &c among which is a thigh bone of one of the disciples but I forget his name. By the way these disciples must have been an

uncommon bony set of fellows. I have seen no less than five thigh bones of S^t John the Baptist three arms of S^t Stephen and four jaw bones of S^t Peter. As to the cross it is distributed all over the world and were its fragments collected together they might form a tolerably stout ship of the line. The grand curiosity of this cathedral however is—a bomb shell! — “and thereby hangs a tale.”

During the siege of this city by the Spaniards while a number of pious people were assembled at their devotions in the church a large bomb shell fell thro the roof into the midst of them. You may suppose their horror & consternation at the sight of such a tremendous visitor — just at this critical period an honest old woman present (who was undoubtedly gifted with second sight) saw the shade of Lucia arise (a very pious young lady who had died some time before) run to the bomb shell, put out the fuze and thus rescue the congregation from the danger & destruction with which they were threatened. The consequences were what might be expected from a grateful & enlightened people. The bomb shell has ever since been preserved as a sacred relic — Lucia was instantly *beatified* and declared the guardian saint of the city and a day is set apart every year to celebrate her memory with religious processions & rejoicings. Such is the ori-

gin of Catholic saints and it reminds one forcibly of the manner in which the gods & goddesses of the antients generally originated.

Another object that attracted my attention in Syracuse was the famous *fountain of Arethusa*. According to Ovid this Arethusa was a nymph in Diana's train—Alpheus a hunter was deeply enamoured of her, she however fled from him with disdain. And Diana turned the Nymph into a fountain and Alpheus into a river. His love survived his metamorphosis and he mingled his waters with those of Arethusa. The Antients firmly believed that this fountain was conducted by subterranean canals under the sea quite from Greece. They used to tell of a cup won at the Olympic games that was thrown into the fountain of Arethusa in Greece and the dish of a traveller that fell in the same fountain, both of which were thrown out by the fountain Arethusa in Syracuse. They likewise pretended that the blood of the Victims sacrificed at the fountain in Greece stained the waters in Syracuse. Priestcraft has been the same in all ages and scruples at no falsehood or contrivance to support its impositions. Brydone mentions a spring of fresh water that boils up in the sea at some distance from Arethusa which was probably the water of Alpheus that they pre-

tended was in pursuit of Arethusa. I however neither saw this spring nor did any person in Syracuse know any thing about it. As to the fountain of Arethusa it issues out of a low subterraneous cavern in a considerable stream and running a little distance empties itself into the sea. Where it rises I could not learn, but a gentleman who resides quite the other side of the city assured me it ran under his house and several other of the inhabitants that lived nearer told me it likewise passed under theirs. The stream after its leaving the cabin is generally crowded by a great number of half naked nymphs busily employed in washing, and all the stones in the brook are nearly worn thro by the custom of beating their clothes on them. These females are seldom remarkable for beauty nor do I think the chaste Diana would deem any of them worthy of being enrolled in her immaculate train.

Syracuse in the time of its highest splendor was considered as one of the wealthiest and most magnificent cities in the world. It was founded by Archias a Corinthian and consisted of four parts or in a manner four cities connected together viz Acradina, Tyche, Neapolis and Ortygia. The walls that surrounded the whole were twenty two miles in circumference. The buildings were superb —

adorned with the most costly marbles. At present the only part of the mighty Syracuse that remains is the Island of Ortygia that stands like a gloomy monument to point out the situation of former grandeur and voluptuousness, to impress in a striking manner on the mind of the traveller how uncertain are our most flattering calculations.

Syracuse that was once the pride and wonder of the antient world, that rejoicing in its strength seemed to bid defiance either to the open attacks of violence or the slow and secret operations of time, whose buildings vast and impregnable seemed as durable as the mountains themselves and to require equal force to overturn them — Syracuse — has gradually crumbled into dust—it has disappeared from the face of the earth and hardly a vestige is to be found of its former edifices.

“The cloud capt towers — the gorgeous palaces the solemn temples ” are no more and “like the baseless fabric of a Vision ” have almost literally left “not a wreck behind !”

The inhabitants of the modern city are as miserable as the place they inhabit. Among the nobility the slightest observer may remark a continual contention between ostentation & indigence, False pride & real meanness of spirit. The lower classes are miserably poor servile & dishonest & abominably filthy.

The officers of our ships are continually followed by a regiment of beggars as they walk the streets who will not put up with a refusal. When our vessels first rendezvoused at Syracuse it was dangerous for the Americans to walk the streets at night as they were frequently attacked. The Sicilians however soon found that they came off the worst in those encounters as the officers were generally well armed—at present they have sunk into complete awe & respect of the Americans and anyone who talks English may walk the streets at any time of night in perfect security.

[*February*] 8th

I strolled about the town this morning in company with Cap^t Hall—Wadsworth Baker & Lieu^t Cargill, in the course of our rambles we visited several convents, looking at their churches and endeavoring to get a sight of the nuns.

The first we entered was the convent of S^t Lucia. The church is very neat and prettily painted. At one end is a gallery for the nuns secured by a grating of Gilt iron. The nuns enter it by a door that opens from the convent. After having viewed the church sufficiently we returned to the parlour. Here visitors who have relations in the convent may be permitted to talk to them thro double iron grates

— but as we had no such pretence to plead we were not admitted to that indulgence. A curtain hung before the grating on the inside which excluded the view of the interior. Some of the young nuns lifted it up to peep at us but on our advancing to speak to them, instantly let it drop and we could hear them tittering and laughing among themselves for some time now and then venturing another sly peep. At some of the other nunneries we were more fortunate— we were always readily admitted to a view of the churches and in one of them a novice happened to come into the gallery — as soon as she saw us she ran and called several of her companions. We endeavored to converse with them but our ignorance of the language prevented us, we however kept up a kind of conversation by signs and Baker was making love to them at an extravagant rate. They seemed exceedingly delighted with our visit and laughd incessantly, kissing their hands to us most graciously. At two or three other convents we had an opportunity in like manner of conversing a little with the nuns many of whom were quite young with health beauty & innocence blooming in their countenances. The poor girls seemed all glad to see us and happy to converse a little with us.

[February] 10th

This morning I was again rambling about among the convents in company with Lieu^t Morris & D^r Baker. As it was Sunday the nuns & novices had leave to walk on terraces on the tops of the convents. From hence they made signs to us as we passed waving their handkerchiefs &c. In one street we were between the wings of two convents which were low enough to see and hear the nuns very distinctly. Here we remained above an hour, talking to them in broken Italian. In one of them was a young novice that I think the most lovely girl that I have seen in Sicily. I am told she is absolutely resolved on taking the veil it being a matter of choice with her. This is not the case with all—many of them being compelled to it by their families. A nobleman here is seldom very rich and wishes to leave all his fortune with his title, of course if he has several daughters he cannot afford to portion them all neither can he afford to support them should they remain unmarried. He is therefore obliged to put the younger ones in a convent. As the Sicilians are very apt to have numerous families the convents seldom want for new candidates. It is a painful sight to behold young females—endowed with all the graces of person and charms of countenance that can render a woman lovely—with apparent sensi-

bility of mind — sprightliness of manner & susceptibility of heart — shut up for ever from the world — deprived of those enjoyments most grateful to her age and sex and doomed to a solitary cheerless life that presents nothing but an anticipation of the same tasteless monotony and gloomy employments.

In the evening I went to a masquerade at the theatre. An Italian masquerade is one of the most stupid amusements I have ever seen. I have been at several & found them all the same. No attempt at supporting any particular character. The Italians are content to dress in any grotesque unmeaning habit that can draw a momentary laugh. A tall strapping fellow in the dress of a woman others as old men others in a dress partly made up of the garments of a woman & the other of those of a man. Thus stupidly accoutred they stalk up & down the room without speaking a word to any body for fear of being recognized by their voices.

I had dressed myself in the character of an old physician which was the only dress I could procure & had a vast deal of amusement among the officers. I spoke to them in broken English mingling Italian and French with it, so that they thought I was a Sicilian; as I knew many anecdotes of almost all of them I teased them the whole evening till at length one of them discovered me by my voice which I happened not to disguise at the moment.

[February] 11th

About half after eight this morning I took leave of Syracuse with extreme regret. I had found so many of my fellow countrymen there, that it almost appeared to me as if I was again in America. Many of them, too, such noble hearted fellows and of such real merit as to excite my admiration & esteem while they secured my warmest friendship.

The party with which I set out consisted of Capt^t Hall commander of marines on board the President — Wadsworth purser of the President and Wynn purser of the Congress and a smart active, French servant who spoke the Sicilian very fluently.

Hall is a young fellow of Charlestown (S. C.) about twenty six years of age of a lively disposition and very agreeable manners; he will be my fellow traveller as far as Palermo as he is on an expedition to collect a band of Musicians for the ship and is determined to make the tour of all Sicily before he completes it. Wadsworth is about thirty — of Connecticut; a fine manly fellow with much of the peculiar humour of his country. As to Wynn he is a handsome young fellow about five & twenty full of spirits — “a fellow of infinite jest” — that can tell a *good story* sing a *good song* or say a *good thing* equal to any man I ever saw. Wynn and Wadsworth travelled in a *Latiga*; a kind of carriage that

resembles in some degree a Sedan chair excepting that it holds two persons face to face and is borne by two mules, one before the other behind. It is very easy—and well calculated for these rough roads. Hall & myself as likewise the Servant were on mules. The whole company was well armed with swords & pistols having been cautioned to provide against attacks as Sicily is reputed to be full of Banditti. Our cavalcade made no mean appearance and we paraded out of Syracuse with great éclat. Our Equipage consisted of 11 men & 7 Horses.

I shall ever remember the delight I felt upon turning my back upon Syracuse. I had now reached to the extremity of my tour; it seemed as if my face was turned homewards and that every step brought me nearer to America.

For some distance after we left Syracuse the country was level and stoney. Away to our left at a great distance we descried the Hybla Mountains. After riding a little ways we passed a circular hole cut in the earth or rather rock that seemed to descend into a cavern of great magnitude—probably some branch of the Catacombs. It is just aside of the road and must be highly dangerous to benighted travellers. The rocks and sides of hills in the neighborhood of Syracuse are strangely pierced into rocks & caverns many of which appear to be

natural others the remains of antient Quarries. After riding some distance we had a fine view of *Ætna* at a vast distance — its summit covered with snow. The prospect reminded me of the scenery of a theatre — rows of olives planted each side of the road served for side scenes and beyond we peepd over the brow of a hill and beheld stretchd before us a vast extent of level country from which rose the stupenduous Mount *Ætna*. Its immense form seemed almost shadowy from the effect of distance.

About noon we reached a convent of capuchins and as we had no prospect of finding as good a place again we determined to stop there and dine having taken care to provide ourselves with some excellent salt beef & pork from one of the ships — which was ready boiled. The old fathers received us with much humble civility and produced us a pitcher of very good white wine which seemed to be the only article of luxury that the convent possessed for they were a very poor fraternity.

We were shewn into a dirty room in the convent where we seated ourselves on rough benches around a dirty table, but cleanliness did not seem to form any part of the good fathers creed. Having made a hearty meal we visited the chapel and different parts of the convent without finding any object worthy of attention excepting that one of the

monks shewed us in his cell different articles in wax work of his manufacture. They were executed with much skill and neatness consisting of small figures—he had taught himself—and often beguiled his solitary hours by this employment—afterwards selling his productions at Catania. His choice of subjects shewed the melancholy turn of the monks thoughts—the one he was working on represented a corpse that was just becoming a prey to insects & loathsome reptiles.

We quit the convent and remounted our mules in high spirits having dispatched a couple of pitchers of the good friars wine and a few glases of their rosolio for which we gave them a liberal recompense.

The scenery thro which we passed in the afternoon was of a more varied nature than that of the morning and in some places very beautiful. The road was nothing more than a mule path—winding along according to the nature of the ground sometimes climbing a hill and bordering along the edge of a precipice—from whence we had a view of a charming little valley of the richest fertility watered by a small stream. The mules are noted for their sureness of foot and walk fearlessly—tho cautiously along the brink of precipices of the most dangerous kind.

The Sicilians always hang bells to the necks of

the mules as they say the animals are fond of the sound of them and will always travel more cheerfully with them.

The country around seemed but little cultivated and not very fertile—we passed thro no villages. In the afternoon we passed in sight of Augusta which lay on the sea shore in a bay a considerable distance on our right. This is a small fortified city and contains from 8 to 10 thousand inhabitants.

This is the Megara of the Antients, originally called Hybla and famous for the excellence of its Honey. There were three Hyblas in Sicily—Hybla—Major—Minor & Parva—the latter is the one in question tho all three dispute the credit of having been the one so celebrated for its honey—authors have been inclined to yield it to the latter from its being in the neighborhood of the small river of which I spoke in the preceding page antiently termed the Alabus and whose banks are ever covered with flowers & odoriferous plants from whence to this day is procured the finest honey. Augusta has a small castle situated on a rock in the sea which had a picturesque appearance from the place where we viewed it.

In the evening after sun down we arrived at a miserable village which our muleteers called (perhaps in derision) Poveretto del Mondo. At any rate

the name was characteristic of it for a more poverty struck place I never beheld. The inhabitants were ragged dirty and meagre and their habitations low wretched hovels. Yet our muleteers intended that we should stop here for the night. We refused and ordered them to proceed on to Lentini where we were sure of a tolerable inn & expected to meet with M^r Dyson the American agent who had set off two or three days before us. The muleteers began to expostulate in the bawling vociferous manner of the Sicilians, representing the badness of the roads the danger of Banditti &c. But we were immoveable in our resolution of proceeding. As for the badness of the roads, a bright moonlight rendered us easy as to that—and in respect to Banditti—we were five of us—well armed and could give them a tolerable reception, besides we scarcely imagined that we could run a greater hazard of having our throats cut on the road than in such a villainous looking place as the Village. We therefore obliged the muleteers, tho unwillingly, to proceed. We found, in truth, that they had not deceived us respecting the roads which were extremely stoney and rugged but the evening was bright and delightful and our mules found their way without stumbling. In two or three places the road wound thro hollows surrounded by precipices which were

full of dark caverns. In many of these the peasants live who tend flocks of sheep or herds of cattle driving the animals into the caverns at night. These wild & solitary places seemed admirably calculated for the haunts of Banditti and having heard so much of the numerous bands that infest Sicily I almost expected sometimes to see a troop rush from one of the caverns as we passed. Our march however was unmolested except now and then by a shepherd's Dog who disturbed by the noise of our bells & the bawling of the muleteers sallied out with open mouth in defence of his masters property. At a late hour we arrived at Lentini where we found a tolerable Inn for Sicily tho it would have been considered execrable in any other country. We had a supper which to our sharp stomachs seemed delicious.

The people furnished us with fowls &c which our Servant cooked very decently. In fact we found him a most useful fellow. He was half Frenchman half Italian understood French Italian — Sicilian & English and could turn his hand to any thing. We were furnished with clean beds and passed the night very comfortably congratulating ourselves continually at having escaped the filth & wretchedness of *Poveretto del Mondo*.

[February] 12th

Before setting off this morning we walked about the town which is but an indifferent place tho *rich* in convents & churches. This is said to be one of the most antient cities of Sicily and to have been originally inhabited by the Lestrigons — it still retains its antient name tho slightly changed (from Leontino to Lentini). Hercules is said to have given them a Lion for a standard from whence probably is derived the name of the city. The Lestrigons and Cyclops were the original inhabitants of Sicily and represented as savages & cannibals—clothed in skins & living in caves of the mountains. All historians join in mentioning that the original people of Sicily lived in caves and probably the vast number of caves to be seen at this day throughout Sicily may have been their habitations. The poorer class of peasants in Sicily even at present abide frequently in holes in the rocks which they fit up into rooms closing the entrances with rude mason work of stones & mud & leaving doors & windows, which have a singular appearance in the sides of the precipices.

In the morning we passed thro a series of delightful plains the soil of which appeared extremely fertile and was clothed with the freshest verdure. These were the antient Lestrigonian plains celebrated by the Antients for their fertility; at a dis-

tance we saw Lake Beverio which fable relates to have been made by Hercules. It abounds with fish & wild fowl, among the former is a species of eel highly esteemed by epicures. We passed over a hill on which were some antient ruins which we were told were the remains of an Amphitheatre tho to me they had little the appearance of being so. I endeavored at a house hard by to get some information concerning them and the name of the city that must antiently have stood there—but these were questions which it could not be expected that Sicilian peasants should answer who seem to me to have few ideas that do not relate to their immediate interest or concerns.

At length we had a noble view of Catania from an eminence. Before us lay the great Catanian plains specked with troops of cattle and watered by the wandering Giarretta (the antient Simetus). Beyond it was the beautiful city of Catania its fair walls reflected in the tranquil bosom of the vast bay at the bottom of which it is situated—and behind it rose the Mighty *Ætna* its sides streaked with black torrents of lava and its summit presenting a contrast of cheerless winter to the luxurient spring that smiled around its skirts. We arrived at Catania about two o'clock and put up at the hotel of the golden Lion.

The streets of Catania had a lively appearance, and gave an idea of the cities being populous. Handsome carriages with rich liveries are very common—but this is the case in most Italian and Sicilian towns—every person who would aspire to gentility & fashion must keep a carriage. There is generally a *corso* in the vicinity of the town—or in default of it—a large street within the town—where the fashionable world resort in the evening in their carriages and ride up & down in two lines saluting each other as they pass.

In Catania this takes place in the principal street into which the windows of our Hotel look. They also drive round the square in front of the Cathedral. When the carriages have driven three or four times about the *corso* they generally draw out of the main stream and stand still surveying the other carriages as they pass by in review.

This appears to me a most insipid recreation and by no means comparable to a ramble in a public walk where one may meet & talk with ones friends—for here there is no such thing as conversation—every thing is carried on by pantomime and they can only salute their friends by a nod of the head or wave of the hand as they whirl past each other.

While at dinner we were waited on by the

Chevalier Landolini to whom we had brought Letters of introduction from his Brother who is antiquarian to the King of Naples at Syracuse.

The Chevalier is a Knight of Malta and related to some of the first families in Catania. He is a very lively agreeable little fellow of about 45 years of age and has politely offered to be our cicerone in shewing us the curiosities of the place.

After dinner (the Chevalier having left us) we went to the cathedral which is dedicated to S^t Agatha the Saint who has Catania under her peculiar protection. As there was a fête in honor of the Saint—the cathedral was to be superbly illuminated and the image of the Saint to be carried round in religious procession. It was dark when we entered the church which we found lighted up by an immense number of wax candles stuck around the cornices &c. It was crowded by the populace repeating their prayers most vociferously. The Service was performing and the organ played one of those pieces of church music in which the Italians so highly excel. After bustling about thro the crowd for a long time we at length found ourselves in front of the chapel of S^t Agatha which is at the upper end of the church & seperated from the rest of it by a Grate of gilt Iron. We were looking thro the grate when an old gentleman who was seated on the in-

side with two ladies — observing by our drefs that we were strangers came and spoke to the guard who immediately opened the grate and desired us to walk in. We complied most cheerfully as we had been much incommoded by the crowd whose curiosity appeared to be highly excited by the uniform of my companions & our strange language. The old gentleman was extremely polite to us — shewing us the interior of the chapel. He introduced us to the Ladies — one of whom spoke French very fluently & I had a long conversation with her. From their manners and the profound respect shewn them we judged them to be people of distinction.

In about half an hour the procefsion commenced from the other side of the church — the priests bearing the bust of S^t Agatha under a crimson velvet canopy. They were surrounded by the throng who were enthusiastic in their exclamations — stretching their arms towards the image — throwing their hats into the air and making the most hideous uproar. It was brought into the chapel where we were standing — the folding doors of which were immediately closed — the mob pressed against the bars — stretching their arms thro the grates and calling on their *Santissima, carissima Santa Agatha* (most holy and dear S^t Agatha). The bust was deposited in an inner part of the

chapel where it is inclosed in a curious shrine representing a gothic building—which contains also the heart of S^t Agatha—these valuable articles are secured by strong Iron doors.

We were admitted into this *sanctum sanctorum* and allowed to examine the image as narrowly as we pleased—which considering its extraordinary sanctity and our being vile heretics was an unusual stretch of civility.

It is the figure of a good natured looking little woman and is covered over with precious stones to an immense amount so that we no longer wondered at the care with which it was secured by bolts & bars.

This S^t Agatha is looked up to by the populace of Catania with peculiar reverence and devotion—for they consider her as their chief Safeguard against the tremendous convulsions and flaming torrents of *Ætna*.

These people must certainly be of the most steadfast faith in matters of religion for tho S^t Agatha has permitted their city to be repeatedly laid in ruins yet they still place as great confidence in her protection as ever. I was mentioning to a Sicilian Servant at the Inn my opinion that S^t Agatha was rather careless of her charge when in 1693 she suffered a torrent of Lava to overwhelm the largest &

finest part of Catania. He shook his head and said the saint was not to blame. The people of Catania had been very wicked and inattentive to their devotions when St Agatha determined to give them a lesson. She therefore permitted the Lava to overrun *a part* of Catania, that the other part might see from what miseries she had preserved them & take warning accordingly. Such is the flimsy manner in which the priests impose upon the credulity of this superstitious people.

N B. In this sanctum sanctorum I had my pocket picked.

[At this point, Irving left forty-six blank pages in his elaborated NOTES, or JOURNAL, with the evident intention of filling them later with the aid of his hasty TRAVELLING NOTES. As that intention was not carried out, the TRAVELLING NOTES, from February 13 to March 7, 1805, are substituted here.]

[February] 13

Our arrival has got wind among the town world and we have been crowded this morning with amber merchants beggars &c. An old monk brought us a present of some pickles & oranges for which of course we had to pay 5 times their value—in fact our room is in a continual crowd and confusion. After

breakfast the Chevalier Landolini arrived and we went with him to see some vaults the decent to which is in front of the Cathedral of S^t Agatha. These are remains of antient Grecian baths. They are arched and built of brick & lava and extend to a considerable distance — on some parts where the walls were plaisterd are the traces of antient coarse reliefs of figures &c — in one place we were shewn an aqueduct of limpid water that runs thro the vault having been constructed in modern times. The vaults are not as high as they formerly were being filld up in a great degree by earth. They are extremely perfect and in several of the posts the holes are remaining for the admision of the pivots or hinges upon which the doors turned. These vaults extend under the Streets and we heard the carriages rolling over our heads making a rumbling like thunder. In those places the vaults are secured by plaistering latterly. The walls in many places are extremely wet and the water dropping congeals below. From hence we went to a place where the Lava had overflowed the walls. We descended in a large opening of the lava by a stairs to the level of the ground where there is an excellent spring of water. The lava here is about 80 feet deep. In another place we descended into another hole where we were pointed out the place to which the sea for-

merly flowed and a granite pillar to which they used to tie vessels. The sea is now driven back to a great distance by the lava. After examining these we went to the ruins of the antient theatre. This was built in form of a half circle and must have been extremely magnificent — built of Lava — three ranges of seats lobbies & stairs still perfect — seats also remaining but stripped of the marble that formerly covered them. This Theatre was filled up with earth by an earthquake but the former prince of Biscaris had it cleared out at a great expence. He found in it a great number of statues cornices medals & small figures &c which he placed in his Museum. This theatre has been of a vast size and together with the extent & magnificence of the other ruins testifies that this has been a grand & important place formerly. We then repaired to the Museum of the Prince of Biscaris where we were shewn a number of antique statues with antique figures utensils &c &c in bronze — a handsome collection of minerals & stones — some old armor which we tried on. It had been richly gilt and ornamented. There was also a lance without a point such as was formerly used in jousts — an enormous sword — weapons & fire arms of different ages & countries, monstrous kettles, antique vases.

At dinner we were attended by a band of musi-

cians as Cap^t Hall is about engaging one for the ship. In fact we are crowded by every species of being as we have been a little free with our money—just as we were finishing our dinner a woman entered who juggled with cards &c we of course had to see her tricks. When walking the streets we have generally a dozen or two at our heels attracted by the sight of the regimentals.

In the evening went to the opera where we met the Chevalier Landolini who carried us to two or three boxes & introduced us to the Princess [Gramaca] and several other ladies of Nobility—they were very polite and I found some that could talk French. They were very particular in enquiring about America & what language we spoke—they could hardly believe that we were the same as the English—

[February] 14

This morning we visited the convent of [*blank*] here we were introduced to the Abbess but she had taken care to send the handsome nuns out of sight. The nuns asked for loaf sugar to make sweet things—they also asked if we had any seed of American flowers—we were sorry that we had none with us.

Visited the Convent of Benedictines—fine church of noble size—elegant altars of the best marble

several of the real verd-antique. The convent of vast extent with a dipd garden the earth spread on the antient lava—after viewing the convent & garden we returned to church where we heard a piece of exquisite music on the finest organ in Italy—imitation of echo. Visited an antient ampitheater under the ground having been covered by lava—it is clearing out at present—chambers for wild beasts—apertures for giving them food &c.

We cant stop to purchase any thing but that we are surrounded by a crowd who stare at us as if we had drop^d from the cloud.

In the afternoon we paid another visit to the convent of Benedictines to see their museum. This consists of a very handsome collection of antiques natural history &c but arranged in glafs cases which are very dirty so that we could not examine them. The convent has likewise a large library—corridors of the convent 700 feet long—fine view from cupola. Lava runs round the city. In the evening to the masquerade at theatre—place small. We were in Dominos. Went in Box of Princess [Gramaca] danced—saw a number of handsome faces.

P S. This morning walking with Wadsworth early we were addresed by a child of about 12 years old clothd in the tattered garments of a student who gave us a very long detail in elegant Italian of the

distresses of his family &c &c & desired charity. We had heard before of this boy as being remarkably smart having taught himself to speak Latin fluently &c and that his conversation was particularly correct. We desired him to call at the Hotel when all of us would be together & might give him something handsome. He called accordingly when the officers had determined to take him [*The page is left unfinished in the manuscript.*]

[*February*] 15

This morning went with the Chevalier Landolini to see a Russian Painter who has been taking views of Mount *Ætna*. He shewd several very elegant sketches and drawings of his of different parts of Sicily—returned to dine—we were immediately bothered by amber merchants &c. A monk brot us a present of fruit and a little while after there came a large cake covered with sugar from the convent of —

After dinner we set out on mules to ascend part of Mount *Ætna*. We had been assured repeatedly that it was impossible to get to the summit but we were determined to see as much as we could. Chevalier Landolini accompanied us part of the way on an elegant horse. Miserable roads over the lava.

Port of Achilles—vast floods of lava—surface uneven in many places covered with the richest soil & verdure & amazingly fertile—in others the soil was just beginning to form itself and presented a curious picture of trees growing out of black lava—pretty mountaineer girl—delightful view of Catania—plains of Catania & Syracuse & sea—riant landscape—villages built of Lava—but very miserable—Port of Ulysses pointed out to us—three rocks in the sea called Cyclops—they are the rocks the poet said the Cyclops threw after the ship of Ulysses. Beggar woman with two daughters demanded charity—one of the girls had a fine countenance which looked lovely in spite of her rags and dirt. Arrived at the country house of our Landlord situated in the village of ——

Shortly after our arrival we went with Landlord to the house of Don Luigi Antonio Vaspisardi one of the first personages in the village who has a conversazione at his house every evening. He speaks French so that I could converse freely with him. I found him very intelligent & agreeable & much of the gentleman. In a little while a number more of the villagers droppd in so that we had a clever assemblage—the evening passed in singing music & dancing. This is the way—song—dance [*word obliterated*] that we pass our time. We are re-

movd from the great world surrounded by lava in the old habitations of the Cyclops — we must therefore depend upon each other for pleasure & amusement & cultivate the utmost harmony. Don Luigi supped with us & I was continually delighted with the ingenious nature of his remarks.

[February] 16

This morning Don Luigi breakfasted with us after which we set forward to ascend higher up this mountain.

Miserable villages — beggar woman. Lava boils as it flows — last eruption from Mount Rosso — ascended the crater — minerals — ashes lava 1 league & $\frac{1}{2}$ — extensive prospect. Land extended to Adriatic. Superb prospect — Catania — plains with rivers winding thro it. Syracuse — Calabria — mountains covered with snow — plain of sand. The summit does not make eruptions any more — covered with clouds — cloudy day. Stones around the crater. Side of crater broken for the escape of the lava — barren region destroyed by the eruptions — crater of an old volcano about the time of J. C. — gathered minerals &c — fired off a Pistol to hear the echoes — descended rapidly — crossed the plain of sand to the convent of S^t Nichola d' Arena formerly the habi-

tation of the fathers of the benedictine convent of Catania. 300 years old. Old monk received us—gave us good wine resembling muscat—birds in the convent—Cupid & Psyche—gave us a small keg of wine. We had to give up ascending the mountain further as the day was advanced and it threatned rain—we therefore descended. Snow falling on the summit—rained below—all the high parts of the mountain coverd with clouds—road thro the lava—Thought of my friends as I rode along—arrived at village & had hardly descended when all the folks flockd to dinner so that we had hardly time to get into another room to dress—Jovial time at dinner. Seated ourselves aside the girls & made love to them. The visitors eat ravenously & got half tipsey—brought in Rosolio which they seemd to relish mightily. Hot punch finishd the business—they were quite happy & noisy & loving—we adjourned to the house of Don Luigi where we had music & dancing the whole evening.

Set out this morning to return to Catania. Don Luigi calld to bid us farewell—Joannes unlucky fall whereby secrets came to light—saw our mountain lasses at a window—rainy morning—Arrived safe at Catania. Last Sunday in carnival—firing of guns. Masqued figures in the street—two old whimsical looking men in silk coats with books

one blank which they shewd to people pretending to tell their fortune & while they were looking turnd over a page & blew a quantity of flour in their faces—A sportsman who had a gun of reed filld with dust—he came behind people as they lookd another way tap^d them on the shoulder & when they turnd round blew the dust in their faces—punchinellos with bladders on the end of sticks with which they flogg^d the multitude—a man in grotesque habit seated in a childs chair on wheels drawn by four Punchinellos—Group of Dancers &c.

In the evening at Opera—benefit of the prima donna who sent us tickets. The audience brilliant—a great number of handsome women.

[*February*] 17

Walked about the city—large convents. Houses mostly new the old city having been destroyed by the eruptions of Etna. Streets long & straight & intersect each other at right angles. Numerous carriages of the nobility which drive backwards & forwards thro the principal streets in the evenings. Number of men with swords carrying a man to prison. His brother pelted them with stones—he was chased by a man with a sword & pistol but who did not dare to approach him—he got safe

to a church where of course he was protected—
dastardly nature of a Sicilian mob.

[*February*] 18

This morning visited the cabinet of natural history of Don Joseph Jeranne—fine collection of volcanic productions of Mount Etna, Velsuvius & the Lipari islands with a variety of other Sicilian productions. Visited the caffè & billard room of the nobility, introduced by Landolini. Rece^d an invitation to a ball & masque to be given this evening at the Hotel De Ville by the nobility.

In the evening at the masque—saloon large & crowded—great variety of masques but poorly supported—number of handsome women. Had great attention shewd us—danced several times. Parted with regret from the cavalier. Italian masquerades stupid Letter given us by the Princess [Gramaca] for her sister in Palermo. Women in Catania very lecherous—their intrigues—fond of strangers. Amber found in great Quantities in a small river near to Catania.

[*February*] 19

Set out this morning on our rout to Palermo—our retinue was Cap^t Hall his serv^t the muleteer

& myself—rainy in abundance—Chevalier Landolini came to bid us farewell and to accompany us on our rout for the day but was deterred by the rain—bid Honest Winn farewell—rained continually as we rode thro the Catanian plain—surf beating on the sea shore—had to stop at a house named a tavern to shelter from the severe rain—miserable hut—old man & woman & several children huddled round a fire in the middle of the hut on the earth—with no other aperture for the smoke to escape but the door—vermin—hunger of the people—pretty girl but dirty & ragged—3 miles to the next village. The people good humored but rude in their manners. Old women enquired what could induce such [*Two pages of the manuscript have been rendered illegible by exposure to dampness.*]

People had no room in the house for us to sleep as it consisted of but two miserable little rooms. They informed us that we might sleep in the chapel which was the other side of the road facing their house. We acceded to the proposition with pleasure as we were in hopes of finding less fleas there. Poor Louis who had by this time got over his sickness made a wry face at the idea of sleeping in the chapel he said he had every possible respect for *Le bon dieu* but he should not wish him for a *Maitre de Hotel*. We had a quantity of straw spread in one corner

of the chapel on which we spread a matrafs we had brought with us—we were furnishd with a small lamp & a pot of oil and securing the door of the Chapel with a bolt & a stake that we found within we coverd ourselves with a blanket & great coat with our portmanteaus under our heads for pillow—poor Louis spread some straw alongside of our matrafs and laying a mule cloth over it he desired Le bon dieu to entertain his visitors well—we had brought all our baggage into the chapel & put our swords & pistols under our heads. I never slept sounder in my life but poor Louis complaind terribly in the morning that what between fleas & the furies of the rain he had not slept an hour the whole night. In the morning sat out at day break and continued along the plains—country still level but mountains in the distance—beautiful sunrise. *Ætna* partially visible. The country rich soil—a fine loam but carelessly cultivated—people squalid & miserable. Round stones in the plain such as were antiently used in battles thrown by a machine called *Catapulta*—great number of wild pidgeons plover curlews snipe &c—between 7 & 8 oclock arrived at the village Monomente 8 miles from Ofsero—consists of ranges of low cabins—inn wretched—they had never seen Americans before.

Set out after breakfast in the rain it however

soon held up & the afternoon was delightful — rich foil — plains well cultivated — no hedges fences or enclosures — people live in miserable straw hovels probably temporary — plow with wooden plows — vast flocks of sheep & horned cattle — Passed thro the celebrated vale of Enna where Proserpine was carried off by Pluto. Here was antiently a city of the same name with a celebrated temple to Ceres. Plain has flowers scatterd over it even at this time of year but must be infinitely so in spring. No trees to be seen on our route; towns situated on Hills viz. S^t Phillip d' Arragone, Afsaro &c — mules bad continually stumbling — roads muddy.

Arrived at village of Quadarara — a few wretched houses. Inn without master & hardly any furniture — purchased fowls & set Louis to work to fricaasee them & make soup — comfortable supper. The landlord brought us a large mattrafs, Hall chose to sleep on it. I examind it & found it so full of fleas that I prefer^d to spread his mattrafs on six chairs & wrapping myself [in] a great coat slept in it with portmanteau & pistols under my head. Louis slept in an adjoining little chamber. I had scarcely got asleep when I was awoke by him calling in Italian “whos there,” I asked him what was the matter and he said he heard some one at the door. I laid my hand on a pistol with a determination to fire if the

door opened. I heard nothing however & soon fell asleep when I was again awakened by Louis' voice. He had heard another noise at the door and seizing his dirk he groped along to it and opened it when in bolted a poor dog who had probably been attracted by the smell of our supper. I had a hearty laugh at Louis' adventure. Slept soundly but Hall & Louis were kept awake half the night with the fleas.

[*February*] 22

Sat off at Sunrise—cold morning—slight shower—country mountainous—hedges of Aloes & prickly pear—plantations of olives & almonds the latter in full bloom. Castrogiovanni on a high mountain—said to be a good town with a large castle & lake on top of a mountain. Ascended to the town of Calascibetta built on a neighboring mountain. It is a principality—difficult ascent, winding intricately among the defiles and often along the edges of immense precipices—road slippery—my horse stumbled several times in the most dangerous places—entered the lower part of the town & rode along the brink of a precipice—caverns in the rock where people lived—miserable houses—a variety of wretchedness. People stared at us with the most stupid surprise. For a hotel

they were agoing to shew us over a jail—we got into a miserable chamber with a dirty wooden table a bench & two crazy chairs—Town was antiently built by Count Rugerio who erected a strong castle here for the purpose of subduing the neighboring city of Castrogiovanni—15 churches—poor convent for women—5000 inhabitants—fine prospect from the highest part of the town—cultivated hills around Valley of Enna—at a distance *Ætna*—shrouded in clouds—bay of Catania. The house where we breakfasted at was soon surrounded by beggars. Gave an old decrepid man the remains of our meal. He pocketed the cold fowl & drank nearly a bottle of wine at a draught. When we mounted our mules we were surrounded by ragged children begging—we had a number of coppers in our pockets and threw them among them—they fell to scrambling & in the mean time we got off. Road continually ascending & descending mountains—cold wind on the summits.

P.S. Shepherd boy on side of a hill near the valley of Enna playing on a reed—Mountain at a distance with snow on the summit—crossd the river [*blank*] repeatedly. About $\frac{1}{2}$ past three arrivd at the village of Alimena—it consists of miserable cabins with two or three convents & churches—it is a marquise. Inn more tolerable than any we have seen on our

rout having several rooms—fat Landlady—filth of the streets—abject misery of the inhabitants— We had but made 20 miles this day and there were still several hours of sun but our driver told us we must rest here—it was 18 miles to the next village and the roads were bad so that we would be unable to arrive there till long after dark. The fellow seems a stupid animal and has delayd us greatly by his bad mules &c—he promised to procure an additional mule to morrow & to get us to Termini in the evening. Hall swore if he decieved him in this asurance he would give him a sound drubbing. We were to have got to Palermo in two days & half and now we shall be near 5 days. Had comfortable beds without fleas and slept sound.

[*February*] 23

Sat off at day break. Muleteer had provided a horse in place of a mule that had tired yesterday—the Horse worse than the mule—Louis threatnd him with the bastinado. The roads mountainous & muddy—country solitary—hardly a hut to be seen & those that we did see were more miserable than the cabins of our savages many of them caverns in the rocks. I had continual amusement with poor Louis & his horse—the animal always laggd behind and he abused him incessantly. The muleteer

insisted it was a good mule and was a little boisterous till Louis pull^d out a pistol & swore he would shoot him. The poor muleteer threw up his hands & started back in astonishment "Ah mon dio—mon dio" cried he. He took care afterwards to keep at a good distance from Louis. We arrived about 10 o'clock at Caltavuturo a small village—a Barony. Here we were shewn to a wretched hotel. We immediately ordered the muleteer to get another horse. A few moments after Louis came up on foot—he had stuck in the mud—flogg'd the owner of the horse & walk'd on foot. The poor muleteer had a crowd around him to whom he related his providential escape from a man whom he declar'd had intended to take away his life. As soon as Louis enter'd the tavern he flogg'd the other muleteer and told him if he did not get a better animal and arrive at Termini that night he would give him a tremendous bastinado. The threat had a good effect—we had an excellent horse and performed the rest of our days Journey with redoubled dispatch. Caltavuturo is situated in a picturesque manner on a mountain with rock towering over it on the summit of which are the ruins of an old castle. On several rocks at a distance are the ruins of other castles—rugged descent from the mountain—wild country—masses of Rock. Arrived on sea coast—saw

Termini at a distance—road along sea coast. Arrived at Termini after dark—much fatigued—laid down & slept till supper. At supper we heard that there was to be a ball in the evening at a private house but that we would be readily admitted. A gentleman entered our room in masque of a Turk who offered to introduce us there as he was an acquaintance. Hall who is ever ready for a frolic urged me to go. I consented & in sport dressed myself in one of his uniform coats & passed for a captain. Handsome house—numerous company—polite reception. There was a ballet of the wood cutters to commence the ball. Several of the company held up scenery. We had partners introduced to us. I danced with the daughter of the Baron Palmeria the master of the house & afterwards with another lady of the town. They were all very attentive to us. The master of the house regretted that we could not stay longer at Termini in which case he should have been happy to have shewn us every possible attention

Termini contains about 3000 Inhabitants—the politer part live in the upper part of the town (as it is built on the side of a hill) and have a very neat street there. I have no doubt that Termini is the ancient Himera celebrated for its mineral baths which still exist and are in high repute. They were

said to be made by Minerva and are beneficial in a variety of diseases. The town is most delightfully situated commanding from its high parts a fine view of the Mediterranean and of the Sicilian coasts. From Termini we parted about 8 o'clock. The road was a very good turnpike and continued along the sea coast—the surrounding scenery very handsome. We passed thro the village of La Prata that has an extremely picturesque old castle in good preservation. Another village of S^t Michele has also an old castle on the shore & antient gates. The country highly diversified by plantations, noble palaces, villages &c. Road bordered on each side by Aloes Indian Fig and sometimes rows of trees. Hail storm—noble bay of Palermo. Rather too large—city has a beautiful appearance at a distance. Grotesque Palace with images of Monsters &c. Superb gardens along the road. Arrive in Palermo at 2 o'clock. Dressed and called on the American agent M^r Gibbs to whom we had letters—found there M^r Amory of Boston to whom I had a letter. He is going thro Europe the same route with me & we arranged to be travelling companions.

After sitting a while we sat off in Gibbs open carriage for the grand street where as it is one of the three last days of carnival there are great diversions. Carriages in two lines one each side of the

street pass each other & pelt one another with sugar plumbs — cars [?] with grotesque figures with tin shields wage war on every carriage. One very handsome representing a mill & having a number of Ladies & gentlemen of the nobility in it — we had provided a bag of Sugar plumbs to defend ourselves but it soon was expended and we had to procure two others. We were completely pepperd. A tremendous storm of hail & rain at first interrupted the sport but as soon as it ceased they commenced again with redoubled fury. The balconies of the houses on each side of the street full to the very garret with spectators among whom were several of the handsomest women of Palermo — the street crowded by the rabble who eagerly scrambled for the sugar plumbs & bonbons that were thrown. Vast number of carriages in Palermo. In the evening to the Opera — first actress good — after opera they removed the seats, lowered the stage & prepared for a Masque. Masquerade numerous but indifferent — the only good characters were a Diogenes — four shepherdesses supported by some noble ladies and a walking Vesuvius that vomited flames & had red hot lava represented very ingeniously. Nobility supped in their boxes.

[February] 24

This morning walked out with Amory & Hall to look at the city—four Principal streets meet at right angles & form a cross. High houses with iron Balconies—visited the church of the [blank] convent. It is incrustated within from the floor to the ceiling with marble worked in mosaic. The workmanship is good but the tout ensemble in my opinion is too much overcharged and shews rather a taste for the minute than for the simple grandeur that I think is most appropriate for a church.

The street is crowded by people and carriages and you are continually jostled by one and startled by the other.

The better order of people generally ride in their carriages and it is esteemed almost despicable to be seen walking. The gentlemen to be sure sometime walk in the morning on the Marina which is a noble promenade along the sea shore in front of the city at least 100 yards wide—along the margin of the sea is a fine foot walk of flag stones about 10 or 12 feet wide. As the use of ones limbs is determined here to be vulgar & plebian we resolved to set up our *equipage* also. We have hired a handsome chariot at 2 Dollars a day for the time we shall stay here. This afternoon we made our *debut* in it on the Marina where we found a grand display of the

nobility in their carriages, this being the fashionable resort in the afternoon to see & be seen. We saw very few handsome ladies. We were honored by a very polite bow twice from the Vice roy as he rode by in his carriage.

P.S. He has 4 running footmen in uniform & four footmen behind the carriage.

We dined this day with M^r Gibbs where we found Amory and a Sicilian gentleman. After dinner we *drove* to the Princess Camporeale to whom we had brought letter from her sister the Princess Marianna Gramaca of Catania. We found her seated in company with several other ladies who were playing backgammon & 3 old gentlemen. She is about 30 years old — 5 feet high and of a brown complexion — notwithstanding all this she is extremely susceptible of the tender passion and it is said has 3 or 4 cicisbeos. She received us very politely but we were a little embarrassed at finding that she did not speak French or English. She however understood French a little and we kept up a kind of limping conversation I speaking in French & she in Italian. In a little while however one of the gentlemen joined us who talked French fluently so that we made out to get along very cleverly. In evening to the opera sat in the Parterre under the Vice Roys box — between the acts I put on my hat

when an old Gentleman croisd from the other side of the theatre & told me very politely that it was the custom to be uncoverd when the Vice roy was in the house.

[February] 25

This morning we rode round to the mole to look at Amorys brig—fine view of the harbor from the mole—extensive arsenals—prisons—Galley slaves—have a building on the Quay where they manufacture & vend diff^t articles.

When returning Amory told us of a very currius custom he was witnefs to when he was here 3 years ago. At the time of the passover they perform the same ceremony mentiond in the Bible as being done by the Jews of pardoning one condemnd to death. The malefactor was brought into a large hall which was crowded with spectators many of them of the first rank. Then one of the most illustrious noblemen washd his feet & kifsed him, he was then [*The page is left unfinished in the manuscript.*]

In the evening attended a party at M^r Gibbs where there were a number of the nobility assembled. We had a very pleasant dance—I danced with Lady Acton—the lady of General Acton, a charming woman—after the dance we went to the

theatre where was a masquerade — we got there about one o'clock at night & staid there about two hours but the masquerade was very indifferent. This was the last night of Carnival and they did not break up till day light.

[*February*] 26

Great number of churches and convents in Palermo — convents of vast extent — Beggars extremely importunate. A very little sustenance is necessary for them in this mild climate.

The streets of Palermo are narrow. Houses not remarkable for external elegance.

This evening we were introduced by Gibbs to the family of the Prince Belmonte. He is a man of the first rate abilities & enjoys the particular confidence of the king. He will not accept any place in government but bends his chief thoughts to the improvement of his estate. He is very engaging in his person & elegant in his manners. The Princess is a charming woman of infinite ease & gracefulness and very affable — they both speak French perfectly. She resembles in person & even countenance M^{rs} I of N York. We found with them the Countess of — Sister to the Princess and several gentlemen of the nobility — we were received very politely and after sitting there about an hour

and half we went to a conversazione which is subscribed to by the Nobility. Number of Ladies—one particularly handsome.

They playd at Faro billiards cards &c. We supp^d there and returnd home about 2 Oclock in the morning leaving a number there still who effectually turn night into day.

[*February*] 27

Visited the Royal Palace a building by no means handsome externally but possesd of a number of elegant appartments. Two or three rooms hung with superb tapestry representing in lively colours and with great spirit humor & character the history of Don Quixote—Other apartment adorn'd with very good paintings of fabulous history, fine view of the city from the cupola of the palace which commands a direct view up & down one of the grand streets—in the evening we were again to the conversation—the beautiful woman was there also and Hall is quite in love with her—One of the young noblemen got completely tipsey and amused us highly. He was continually applying to me to tell him how to speak several sentences in English and then would run to Gibbs & repeat them in the most whimsical manner.

[February] 28

This day we determined to risque dignity & every thing & walk about town. We accordingly paraded along the grand street, but found that a carriage was a safe retreat from beggars pimps &c by whom we were crowded. The grand streets are narrow and the houses extremely high on each side — there are several large but no handsome squares that we saw in Palermo. On the whole we were much disappointed in this city which certainly does not possess many objects to attract the travellers attention. Syracuse is far more worthy of his notice. In the evening I embarked aboard a small vessel loaded with fruit bound to Naples. I parted with my fellow traveller Cap^t Hall with the sincerest regret. He had proved a most agreeable companion of an amiable disposition and gentlemanlike & honorable in every particular. He departs tomorrow by land for Syracuse.

The wind was fair & brisk and we scudded rapidly before it, but never did I witness such a deplorable scene as took place in the little cabin. There were a number of passengers and we were crowded together higgledy piggledy. The Captain, who was very particular in his service to me, gave me his hammock. I wrapped myself in my great coat & threw myself in it. Sleep I could not for a

long time for never did I behold such sea sickness — every heave of the vessel (which rolled & pitched most dreadfully) occasioned a heave among my unfortunate fellow passengers. An old woman laid near me who I believe called on every saint in the calendar — after every cascade she would call a new one. “Oh bellissima Madre de Christi — Oh santissimo Francesco — Oh bellissima Santa Rosalia. Oh mea carissima Santissima Rosalia!”

The Saints however manifested their assistance in no other manner than in helping her to discharge the contents of her stomach which I believe it took the whole night to do.

Jany [March] 1

AT day break this morning I scrambled out of the cabin and seated myself on deck where tho exposed to the spray of the sea I thot myself better off than in the hole I had left. At sun rise the wind had veered about westerly and the master of the vessel without any more ado put about & stood back for Palermo. He was afraid to beat lest he should encounter some Barbary cruisers for these chaps never venture to cross from Palermo to Naples unless the wind is directly fair.

About 2 o'clock we arrived in the bay of Palermo but the wind would not permit us to regain the

port — we therefore had to stand round a point and anchor in a beautiful little bay about 10 miles to the eastward of the city. Here we went ashore and found a miserable tavern where we got some bread & cheese to eat for I had not tasted a mouthful for upwards of 24 hours.

Wretched object of want & poverty in a woman in the meanest rags — she was waiting in the tavern — I gave her a loaf of bread which she devoured greedily. Had a supper of boiled beans — fried fish and hard eggs — Sailors brought mattresses ashore and spread them in one of the rooms. I laid down in my clothes, covered with my great coat & slept sound till early in the morning when I awoke almost devoured with fleas.

Jany [March] 2

I got up and as soon as daylight appeared took a walk on the sea shore — beautiful sun rise — country picturesque with old towers & convents along sea coast — two of my fellow passengers talk French & are very civil. I have found that language truly universal and in whatever situation I am thrown I generally find some one or other who can speak it. This morning we walked to a village about a mile & half inland called Castelazzo (I E. useless castle). Here are the remains of an old castle built before

the invention of fire arms—the village is small situated on an eminence & commands a handsome view. Here we purchased some eatables & returned to our auberge. After dinner we walked to the Village of Bagaria. Beautiful village—houses built by the prince. Here is the palace built by the Prince Palagonia that is adorned by statues of monsters & distorted human figures. Returned in evening to our hotel. I spread my mattresses on chairs this night but notwithstanding was overrun by fleas.

[*March*] 4

We hoisted sail this morning & returned to Palermo. Hotel very lonesome misd Hall exceedingly—passed the day chiefly at Gibbses—Amory & myself talked of going to Naples by the way of Calabria—that is taking passage to Messina in an Imperial ship.

[*March*] 5

Wind still contrary—walked about the Corso with Amory, Gibbs &c. As I sat down to dinner a sailor came to call me on board—wind had sprung up favorable & we sat sail.

The breeze continued favorable all the night and the sea not being so rough as on our former *sortie* we

had less of sea sickness among the passengers. The good old lady however who had invoked the faints so piously had thought proper to stay ashore and not tempt their goodness any more.

[*March*] 6

The wind shifted in the morning but still was sufficiently fair for us to lay our course. In the evening we came in sight of the island of Capre antiently *Capræa* where Tiberius lived for some time in the most extravagant luxuries—abandoning himself to the grossest debaucheries. I had laid down on deck and fallen asleep & on waking after dark the first thing that struck my eyes was Mount Vesuvius afar off making a most luminous appearance. It has been in a state of eruption for several months. I could plainly perceive the red hot lava running out of one side of the crater and flashes at intervals from its mouth—I was up the greatest part of the night contemplating this interesting object.

[*March*] 7

This morning early I arose and found that we were within the bay of Naples. Mount Vesuvius still continued luminous—by degrees the day broke—the objects were gradually lighted up. I remaind

earnestly gazing around endeavoring to trace places that I had often read descriptions of. At length the heavens were brilliantly illuminated. The sun appeared diffusing the richest rays among the clouds & gilding every feature of the prospect.

Then it was that I had a full view of this lovely bay — the classic retreats of Baia — Pozzuoli — the superb city of Naples — the delightful town of Portici &c that skirt the Mount Vesuvius — the Mountain itself vomits an immense column of smoke — with the coast that terminates the bay beyond the mountain affording the most picturesque scenery. The View of Naples from the sea is truly magnificent and imposing.

[*Here Irving resumed his elaborated JOURNAL*]

March 7

AS soon as I had landed & arranged matters with the Health office I repaired to the Hotel del Sole, kept by Grandosh and reputed to be the best in Naples. I found it deserving of the reputation it had acquired and after the vile inns of Sicily it appeared absolutely a palace. Having changed my clothes (as much for cleanliness sake as to get rid of the multitudes of fleas that had either accompanied me

from Sicily or joind me on board the Vessel) I orderd one [of] the crazy vehicles that they use here as hacks something like our gigs, but clumsy & tottering. I then went round to deliver some of my letters. At the counting house of Fred^k Degen & C^o I found two letters for me from Storm inclosing one from America. Degen was not at home. With Mefs^{rs} Valen Roath & C^o I found several more from Storm, and with Mefs Falconet & C^o I found two large pacquets from America that had been forwarded by the way of Bordeaux. I posted therefore back to the hotel happy as a prince with my pockets crammd as full of letters as a post boys knapsack. To recieve a letter from my friends when so far removed from them is always an exquisite gratification, but to be thus overwhelmd with letters and all of them containing pleasing intelligence was almost too much for me—I knew not where to begin. I broke open every letter one after another—endeavord to arrange them according to their dates read half a dozen lines at the beginning of one, then half a dozen at the end of another and then half a dozen in the middle of a third and after all could not recollect a word of what I had been reading, in short I was completely bewilderd and it was some time before I could collect myself and go on systematically.

Before I had read half of them I was obliged to break off as I had engaged to dine with Valen Roath & C^o—and it was already past the appointed hour. I found there several honest American captains and an American merchant by the name of Pickman who was particularly civil & agreeable. M^r Valentine one of the firm appears to be a very worthy clever fellow & was extremely polite. I escaped as soon as possible and hastened back to the hotel to finish the perusal of my letters. I seemed as if seated among my friends enjoying their conversation.

[*March*] 9th

Since my arrival I have been generally at home engaged in writing—yesterday I called at Degens & found M^r Schwartz (one of the partners) at home. He is brother to M^r Schwartz of Marseilles from whom I received such friendly attentions. He was very polite to me and invited me to dine with him on Sunday.

From the window of my room I have a fine view of Mount Vesuvius situated on the opposite side of the bay. It has lately made a considerable eruption and still emits vast volumes of smoke and a large stream of Lava. At night the latter is very visible and appears like a red hot flood streaming

down the side of the crater. My window also commands a large square, eternally filled with a variety of objects coach men soldiers monks friars fishermen, lazaroni — Fruit merchants Macaroni merchants Pie merchants and every other kind of tag rag and bobtail beings. A little to the right I have a near and complete view of *Castel Nuovo* (the *New Castle*). Notwithstanding its name it is a very ancient building having been begun by Charles of Anjou and is said to be one of the oldest fabricks in the city. It is of immense size a square form with enormous towers or bastions. It is to me an extremely interesting object and must have been a place of great strength & imposing majesty before the invention of fire arms.

[*March*] 10th

This morning arrived the Ship Jersey, Cap^t Blagg from New York, via Leghorn. I received on my arrival in Naples a letter from America that Cap^t Blagg had very politely forwarded me from Leghorn. I went along side of her but did not dare to go on board as she is quarantined for twenty eight days. There is passenger in her M^r Philips of New York who is making the tour of Europe. He intends returning the same route with myself and I expect we shall be fellow travellers.

The weather is very unsettled and variable raining the greatest part of the day. The months of February and March are generally extremely wet & dirty at Naples, but I am told that it is probable that the latter part of this month will be pleasant as February has been particularly stormy this year.

The population of Naples is very great for its extent. The houses are high and many families live under the same roof. Like most places that I have seen in France and Italy, the best apartments are frequently the most lofty. I have paid visits to people of the first respectability where I have had to mount up several pairs of stairs before I arrived at their apartments. Very little attention is paid here to the external beauty of the house. The palaces are vast but destitute of exterior elegance. The entrances, the stairs & corridors are miserably filthy—the walls black with dirt and cobwebs & never cleaned—the landing places receptacles for every nuisance—in short a stranger judging from these appearances would consider himself entering the abodes of idleness—filth and indigence.

Sickning with disgust at the apparent misery of the place and the vile exhalations that assault his nose as he travels up several tiresome flights of steps [he] expects on opening the door to be ushered into

the most cheerful and slovenly chambers—what is his surprize to enter into splendid appartments adorned with superb furniture rich tapestry and a profusion of exquisite painting and gilding! The abodes of pomp and Luxury! Such however is universally the case and it appears as if the Italians designed to render internal splendor & voluptuousness more striking from the contrast of external poverty.

In the afternoon I dined at M^r Degen's whom I found a very gentlemanlike agreeable man. He is a Swiss but speaks English extremely well. He acts as Navy Agent to the United States. In the evening I went to an Oratorio at one of the Theatres. This is the only place of public amusement that is open in Lent. The subject was David's conquest of Goliath. The part of David was performed by a celebrated singer of the *artificial* order. I had imbibed a prejudice & contempt for those poor devils and had a strong presentiment that I should not be pleased with his singing. I was however most agreeably disappointed and in fact was charmed with the melody of his voice. The first singer among the women is a cousin of M^r Caffarendo of Genoa who has given me a letter of introduction to her which I have not yet delivered. She has a good voice and is rather handsome than otherwise tho

rather masculine. The scenery was excellent—the dresses good—in short I was perfectly well satisfied with the whole performance.

To an English ear, the Italian music at first is very strange—it needs a little custom & habitude to become fond of it but in a little time you get familiarized to its peculiarities and highly delighted with it. At least this is the case with me and with many others with whom I have conversed respecting it. Unfortunately the Grand theatre of S^t Carlo is closed at present by which means I lose sight of the most immense and if I may credit the Neapolitans the most superb theatre in Europe. I have arrived at Naples at the most unfortunate season for amusements lent being a time of humiliation among all *good Catholics*.

[*March*] 11th

This morning M^r Herbert Hadrava calld and breakfasted with me. This is a German old gentleman who dined at M^r Degen's yesterday. After dinner he played on the piano forte several tunes of his own composition—he is very excellent on that instrument and I praised highly both his music & performance. This pleased the old gentleman so much that he called on me this morning with three pieces of his composition—viz. Yankee Doodle

and Hail Columbia with very fine variations & a little German air of great sweetness. He begged me to accept them as a testimony of regard and finding I played on the flute he told me he would bring me one or two more pieces adapted for that instrument. I was very well amused with the old gentleman who seems to be an original in his way.

At eleven O'clock M^r Degen calld upon me and introduced me to M^r Cabell of Virginia and Col Mercer, two gentlemen who arrived here from Rome the day before yesterday. I had heard very favorable mention made of M^r Cabell before and found him a very agreeable young fellow. He is said to possels superior talents and an amiable disposition. The rest of the day I spent at home in reading & writing as the weather was very rainy. I find a vast difference between the climate in this place and that of Sicily for though we had two or three rainy days during our route from Catania to Palermo yet the weather was generally fine while we staid in the latter city.

[*March*] 12th

This morning I rode out in company with M^r Cabell and Col. John Mercer to look at the *Tomb of Virgil* and the *Grotto of Pausillipo*. The ride is thro

the fine suburbs of Chiaja and along the outside of the walk of the same name a handsome promenade built along the shore commanding a fine view of the bay—it is a very fashionable resort and reminded me of our favorite walk *the Battery*. After riding a small distance we visited the church of S. Maria del Parto. Here is a very handsome monument of the Poet Sannazaro who is said to be the founder of the building. On each side of the tomb are the statues of Apollo and Minerva, to render them however, worthy inmates of a Christian church they have been new baptized and the names of David & Judith inscribed on their pedestal. There is a very good baso relievo of Neptune Pan and other figures, they have however left them in full enjoyment of their old titles as I suppose they were at a loss what Scripture worthy to make Pan—his horns & goats feet being abominably in the way.

Turning in another direction we stopped at the foot of the Hill of Pausillippo to visit the tomb of Virgil. To get to this celebrated spot you have to ascend a tiresome zig zag road up the hill and then pass thro a vineyard after which you find yourself over the entrance of the Grotto of Pausillipo you then descend a flight of steps cut in the rock and arrive on a kind of platform on which is erected the tomb almost peeping over the brink of the tremen-

duous precipice. It is a small building of brick & plaster of [*blank*] form vaulted within. It has several apertures to admit both air and light and there are a number of niches in the walls such as are frequently seen in antient tombs for the reception of urns. The sight of this tomb awakens the most lively sensations in the mind. We recall the bright genius—the immortal lays of that poet whose name is eternally implanted in every clime. Those lays that are endeared to us by early acquaintance and that we have been accustomed almost from infancy to admire. We consider their author no longer enlivened by the rays of genius or the inspirations of poetry—The very dust we spurn with our feet may be some of his sacred ashes! On the top of the tomb a little foil has lodged and it is over run with grafs weeds and shrubs.* A bay formerly spread its foliage over it but the enthusiastic hands of travellers have stripped it of all its honors and hardly a vestige of it remains. The old man that tends the place cut us large portions of what little remained. He told us that it was the custom of *every stranger* to take a piece—we therefore of course did not

* [Later, Irving added the following quotation as a footnote:]

*There sleeps the Bard whose tuneful tongue
Poured the full stream of mazy song
Young spring with tip of ruby here
Showers from her lap the blooming year.*

like to break in upon old established customs. From the hill on which you ascend to go to the tomb—you have [a] charming view of a part of Naples—the Castle del Ovo—^{Vesuvius} Etna in the distance with the beautiful villages that skirt it and various other objects that form the beauties of the East part of the Bay. Having descended from the Hill we rode thro the Grotto of Pausillippo. This is a famous pass cut thro the mountain or Promontory of that name. It is of different heights from twenty to forty feet, about twenty feet wide and about half a mile in length cut thro the rock which appears not to be of a very hard nature. The passage is paved with square pieces of (I believe) Lava. This work is ascribed to different hands, but I have most commonly heard it supposed to be done under the direction of Caligula. We rode thro it in the carriage. The only light it receives is from the two entrances and from two holes cut thro the top in a slanting direction. In the middle the passage is quite gloomy and persons passing seemed like obscure shades flitting by. We did not proceed farther in our ride as it was late but returned home the same way. I dined in company with Cabell & Mercer and spent a very agreeable afternoon.

[*March*] 13th

M^r Pickman of Boston call^d upon me this morning to visit the convent of S^t Martino, owned by a fraternity of Carthusians. It is situated immediately under the Castle of S^t Elmo on a hill that commands the whole city. We went in company with M^r Valen in his carriage. He is a rigid Catholic and on an intimate footing with the good fathers of the convent. To ascend to the convent we passed thro a considerable part of the city and suburbs. The latter is built on the ascent of the hills and full of convents which seem to engross all the situations in Naples that command fine prospects and have a free & pure circulation of air. As to the Convent of S^t Martino it has more the resemblance of a superb palace the abodes of luxury & magnificence than the melancholy retreats of prayer, fasting and mortification. We passed thro a large outer court (into which the door of the chapel opened) and proceeded thro an interior one of handsomer architecture from whence we were admitted into the inside of the building. Here instead of gloomy corridors and dreary passages I was surprized and pleased to find them handsomely ornamented — the walls perfectly white and clean and light admitted sufficiently to give an air of life to the building. The chapel is profusely ornamented by the richest

marbles and paintings of the first masters. As the monks were engaged in their devotions we did not stay sufficiently long to examine it attentively. In the sacristy are also some noble paintings and pannel work done by the hands of some former brother of the convent—representing landscapes and figures in mosaic work of Indian cane. The old monk that attended us told us a lamentable story how the king had stripped their treasury some years ago of Gold & silver vases, utensils, and votive offerings to a vast amount. “He has made us much poorer” said the old man “without enriching himself.” He left however, the *most valuable* part of their treasures behind consisting in a vast number of Bones belonging to every saint in the calender that are carefully-preserved in glass cases. The king most probably thought they could not so easily be reduced to current coin as the gold & silver reliques. From the chapel we passed thro several long corridors and at length entered into another court. This was much larger than the two others we had seen and of great magnificence. It was a large square surrounded by a Piazza supported by pillars of white marble and paved with white & black marble. Around it were arranged the cloisters of the fathers each having his seperate little room. The centre was occupied by a flower

garden on one side, and on the other the cemetery of the convent being a small place surrounded by a handsome marble ballustrade on the corners of which were marble skulls. From hence we were led to a small saloon in one corner of the building that commanded the most exquisite view of the city & bay. From one window we beheld the Town far below us spread before our eyes like a map. We could trace every street and point out each public building or square. Beyond it the harbor crowded with Vessels. The beautiful Bay calm and gentle with two majestic frigates at anchor in it and various fishing boats and small vessels with picturesque *latine* sails passing & repassing over it. The charming environs that extend along the foot of Mount Vesuvius—with the numerous beautiful villages—Portici, Caserta, Pompeii &c &c. Vesuvius vomiting forth smoke, a long line of which traced the course of the lava down the mountain. The fine bold coast beyond the mountain. The distant mountains of Calabria covered with snow. The picturesque island of Capre before us and a number of other objects calculated to render the prospect truly sublime & beautiful. The day was fine & warm, the streets of the city were swarming with people and the hum of their voices mingled with the rumbling of carriages, reached our ears

in indistinct murmurs. From another window we had a delightful view of the suburbs of Ciaja the promontory of Pausillipo with the mouth of its grotto & the tomb of Virgil, the island of Ischia and a partial glimpse of the classic coast of Baia. We left this enchanting spot with regret and repaired to the appartments of the superior. He does not inhabit them at present as they are undergoing repairs. They are worthy of the rest of the building and are adorned with fine paintings by the best masters. For my part I should think the portraits of lovely women, decked with all the charms of youthful beauty, such as they generally represent their female saints—are but ill calculated to represent the wandring desires of the good fathers who have taken the vows of eternal chastity, and are rather apt to entice their thoughts to the contemplation of earthly charms than to the more ideal “beauty of holiness.” I was mentioning this one day to a good humored old friar who spoke French and was very communicative. The old man smiled and shook his head. “different situations” said he “produce different modes of thinking—in beholding these beautiful paintings you admire the charms that are pourtrayd in a sensual light. You admire them as the attractions of a mere mortal. We on the contrary consider them in a more refined and

spiritual sense. We behold in that charming countenance for instance all the endearing and enlivening effects of divine love. The joyful confidence in heavenly protection — the serene and tranquillizing effects of a good conscience and gentleness of heart diffusing the most divine and benignant expression over the countenance. No harsh trait, no passionate line — no wrinkle of care or sorrow is there visible — every thing announces a soul at peace with its Maker and itself and enjoying a blissful foretaste of the delights of heaven!" The venerable father went on in this strain for some time — you may judge of his arguments by the specimen I have given but you should have seen the enthusiasm of his countenance the animated expression of his eye, to feel the force of his discoursé. Sterne would have gloried in describing him.

Having examined the chief parts of the convent we bade the fathers adieu and departed fully convinced myself that however their *thoughts* might be directed heaven ward they at least had an *eye* to earthly comforts. This convent was formerly immensely rich. The King for some time exacted 50,000 Ducats a year from them and at the same time they were dispensing about 30,000 more, yearly in charities. The King however quite ruined them and even drove them away — but a series of

misfortunes convinced him (as the good fathers say) that heaven was manifesting its wrath against him for his maltreatment of them. He therefore recalled them and reinstated them in their former habitation restoring a great part of their riches.

They now consist of forty five in number and if we may judge from their looks their meagre diet does not disagree with them. They are restricted from the use of flesh, but they make out to live luxuriously on the diet that is allowed them as they are well experienced in the art of cooking it in every form. Their vows do not prevent their comforting themselves with *excellent wine*.

On our return we stopped at the ware house of a celebrated Distiller of perfumes & cordials. He furnishes M^r Valen with the latter & was consequently very polite. He shewed us his Laboratory where he is engaged at present making perfumes for the King of Russia. There appeared to me a sufficient quantity made to deluge the Kings whole palace. Among other names that we saw on different perfumes were several French ones, that seemed to endeavor to out do each other in extravagance. One shelf was completely filled with bottles of *Milk of Cupid* and another with *Milk of the Devil!* (*lait du Diable*) — NB. No *pidgeons milk*.

Dined at Degen's in company with M^r Cabell,

Col. Mercer, Sir Grenville Temple of Boston and a Cap^t Stopford an English Gentleman and three or four others. Sir Grenville is very much of the Gentleman and very pleasing company. In the evening I was at a conversazione at M^r Falconnet's. Here I was introduced to M^{rs} Falconnet an American lady of Boston. She left America when quite young for England where she was married to M^r Falconnet—she is a Lady of very agreeable manners. The conversazione was attended by a number of handsome ladies of the nobility and gentlemen of rank among whom were the Russian & Prussian Ambassadors. Several Englishmen likewise were present, and Sir Grenville Temple. The conversazione was not so stupid as many that I have seen. Some set down to cards—others formed themselves in groups & circles & chatted very sociably. French was the language chiefly spoken—English a little but I do not recollect to have heard a word of *Italian* the whole evening—about eleven o'clock the Company began to disappear and I vanished among the rest.

[*March*] 14th

This morning I rode out in company with M^r Cabell & Col Mercer to view the environs of Naples on the Eastern side. The day was very serene and

beautiful and we had a variety of enchanting prospects of the Bay and city from various points of view. We rode thro the elegant villages of Portici and Refina and about Eleven Oclock arrived at the ruins of Pompeii, situated about thirteen miles from Naples.

It is needless to give a very particular account of this place as it has so frequently been described and the excavations that are still carrying on there are so trifling as not to afford additional matters of interest.

On entering the town we found ourselves in a large square court with the pillars of a colonnade around it still remaining—composed of brick stuccoed and colored red. They are fluted very handsomely and the stucco is of great hardness and as smooth as polished marble. Around the court are small rooms of a uniform size and construction with doors opening into it. This is supposed to have been a barracks for soldiers—the walls were scrawled full of inscriptions names & figures, these were carefully sawed out and carried to the Museum at Portici.

From hence we entered a small theatre that had antiently been a covered one but the roof at present is wanting. It gives a complete idea of the form of a Roman theatre. The seats are perfect—form-

ing a semicircle and rising one above another to the top of the building.

The space between the lower seats and the stage is paved with beautiful marbles, and in the pavement is infixed the following inscription in large bronze capitals

M—OCVLATTUS—M—F—VERVS II VIR—PRO—LVDIS

The foundation of the stage still remains but the flooring or pavement is gone. The proscenium is likewise perfect but stripped of its marble ornaments. The entrances the corridors the retiring places of the Actors in short every essential part of the theatre is perfect. At a little distance from this is another theatre of larger dimensions such as was usually open with awnings to shade & shelter the spectators. This is likewise in excellent preservation. All their ornaments statues &c &c are carried to the museum at Portici. From hence we were shewn to the temple of Isis. This like every other building has been stripped of its ornaments & furniture which are lodged in the Museum. The form of the temple and an idea of its former state can notwithstanding, be accurately formed.

Three altars for sacrifice still remain—the place where the priest retired to purify himself the kind

of *sanctum sanctorum* where the statue of the goddess was placed and the *Sacristan* behind it. The walls were stuccoed and painted with figures flowers &c executed coarsely. Their stucco is generally fine and very hard & smooth. The colors of the paint are several of them extremely beautiful particularly the red.

In one part we passed thro a street paved with lava. On each side were raised footways. Traces were worn deep in the carriage way by the wheels of the carriages. The houses on each side were extremely small—the front generally occupied by a shop. In some of those were large earthen pots fixed in a kind of counter. These we were told were supposed to be the shops of dealers in oil. Every considerable house has a court within around which are the chambers for sleeping &c. They commonly have had no other light but what was admitted from the door that opened into the court. The walls are universally stuccoed & ornamented with coarse paintings representing fabulous history—landscapes fruits flowers grotesque figures &c &c. In the centre of every court is a marble fountain. The streets are extremely small and tho by the traces of the wheels the carriages must have been narrow yet I hardly perceive how they managed to pass each other.

After having viewed this part of the town sufficiently we crossed thro a vineyard that is over a large portion of the town still buried — to another uncoverd place. Here is a street open that leads to the gate of the town. The houses are built on each side in the same style as the other. One of them is the largest yet discovered having three courts & a number of appartments. All the best paintings are removed — the stucco being sawed out and framed carefully for the museum. One of the houses here has a very significant but indelicate sign in mezzo rilievo to designate the businefs carried on within. Without the gate are tombs both public & private. The Terentini family have a large square one, around it are masks of red earthen ware with distorted countenances as if weeping, on the inside of which they used antiently to put lights. At some distance from the town are the ruins of a country seat — it consists of two stories towards the road and three facing the garden. On the first story as you enter from the road is a large court with small appartments for warm and cold baths. Above, are bed chambers. In a kind of cellar that runs round three sides of the garden, are several large earthen pots (or amphoræ) that antiently contained wine. In this cellar were found the bones of several unfortunates that fled thither for shelter in the con-

fusion and terror of the event. To give any farther discription of Pompeii is useless, for after all these discriptions can never impress on the mind of the reader a correct idea of the houses streets or temples that are the subject of them.

It is a painful thing to see reliques of such inestimable value to the learned & the curious, in the hands of a prince who has not spirit or inclination to complete their developement. To say that the King of Naples is too poor to support the expence necessary is a very unsatisfactory & incorrect excuse. He has a number of Galley slaves at his command who must be supported and whose labors might as well be directed toward the excavations at Pompeii as to any other of the trifling duties they are employed in. The Lazaroni of Naples that swarm to the number of *thirty thousand* might be hired for a trifling expence and would execute the business in a very little time. At present a few workmen are employed who go on slowly and lazily yet some new object of curiosity continually recompenses the toil.

From Pompeii we returned to Portici where we partook of a miserable dinner at a miserable hotel having neglected the usual precaution of visitors to these parts, to bring refreshments with them from Naples. After dinner about five oclock we prepared

to ascend the mountain. We engaged mules and guides and a cicerone of the mountain who produced a paper from the English consul certifying his abilities & attentiveness.

We mounted slowly up the mountain along a road that passed among the most fertile enclosures—every moment catching a glimpse of the lovely scenery below us and of the Mountain above vomiting out volumes of smoke that rolled heavily along the atmosphere. After attaining a considerable height the prospect that opened upon us was indescribably rich and variegated. The skirts of the mountain adorned with the beautiful Villages of Portici, Resina &c. The enchanting bay of Naples tranquil and serene, the small fishing boats apparently reposing on its bosom. On one side the picturesque Island of Capri the ancient seat of voluptuousness—on the other side the city of Naples proudly rising out of the waters with its ancient castles and white palaces the abodes to where voluptuousness is in modern times transferred. Beyond the point of Pausillipo the Islands of Ischia & Procida and at a great distance the classic coast of Baia and the Elysian fields of the Ancients. The sun was just setting—it was one of those serene, delicious evenings for which this place is so often remarked. The sky was clear & transparent with two or three

floating clouds tinged with those rich colours which are so much admired in the paintings of Lorraine. The horizon was glowing with the parting rays. Over the whole view—The Bay—the city—the islands was diffused the most Luxurient tinges—every thing was softned—enrichd & blended into a harmony with the rest—forming a prospect the most lovely I ever beheld.

We continued slowly ascending—continually casting our eyes behind us and watching the gradual decrease of light and the effect it had in varying the colors of the landscape.

It was twilight when we arrived at the hermitage. This is a house situated on an eminence about a mile from the foot of the crater. It is the universal custom of persons ascending the mountain to rest here both before and after visiting the crater. The hermit has always a reviving glass of *Lachryma Christi* (a wine so called that grows on the mountain) and some slight refreshments at hand for which he *charges* nothing—but *takes* whatever you choose to give by which means he generally gets about five times the worth of the articles furnished. He handed us a book in which visitors to the mountain always inscribed their names, & frequently made their remarks on the mountain & gave a brief account of their excursion. Many of

these were highly amusing from their pompousness—romance or stupidity. They all however joined in praising the *Venerable hermit* for his hospitality, tho as far as I can learn he never was a *loser* by it. After having sat here some time by a comfortable fire and warmed our interiors by two or three glasses of *Lachryma Christi* (which tho not the most *delicate* wine, possesses a comfortable spirit & strength) we remounted our mules and pushed forward for the crater. The moon had risen and was very bright. We had a charming moonlight view of the same scenery that had delighted us so much at sun set. The city of Naples was very distinct. After riding for some distance over rugged lavas of which our Cicerone gave us the dates & histories we arrived at the foot of the crater. Here we dismounted and leaving our mules with one of the guides we began to climb, with the assistance of our guides who told us to hold on by a belt that was slung over one shoulder. We ascended in an oblique direction directing our course towards the stream of Lava that was running down the side of the crater. After a most fatiguing walk we arrived at the tremendous flood.

“*But oh what muse—or in what power of song
Can trace the torrent as it burns along!*”

This stream of Lava has been running some time so that the borders of it are quite cold and in the centre only, it pours slowly along.

I have before told you in my account of Mount *Ætna* that lava does not run like melted minerals, with an even surface. As it consists of a great variety of substances many of them less susceptible of fusion than others there are always a great number of fragments of matter—stones &c on the top which are sometimes almost black but generally red hot—add to this the prominencies of the lava as it floats along grow cold and the red liquid matter running over it forms a continual uneveness. When the Lava is thoroughly cold it has the appearance frequently of masses of black rock of most uncouth forms. We mounted on the cold Lava that bordered the stream and advancing to the latter I thrust a walking stick into it. I found that at first it was requisite to push with a little force to make the stick penetrate but the farther it went in the easier it was which plainly shews that the lava was far more liquid below than on the surface. Indeed the lava we stood on tho cold on the surface was in a red hot state below as we could plainly perceive thro different fissures into which if we thrust a stick it immediately took fire. We could now plainly perceive the course of the Lava which had

merely run down the crater and collected in a small valley, at the foot of it. Quitting this place we ascended along the edge of the lava to attain to the crater, but this was by far the most fatiguing part of the excursion. The ascent was exceeding steep. The ashes so soft & loose that we slipped back two thirds of each step, and the eddies of wind frequently brought volumes of sulphurous smoke upon us almost stifling. Our throats were sore from inhaling it. On our way the guides pointed out to us a spot where the Lava seemed to spume out of a hole—being conducted from the crater to that place in a kind of covered aqueduct formed by the cold lava's being incrustated over it. A little higher up was a hole that vomited up smoke & sparks. The cicerone took us on the lava about twelve feet higher up than the hole and told us to regard it steadfastly till the wind blew the smoke another way. We did so—and saw the lava rushing along in it like a torrent, by the direction of it we found it passed under the very spot on which we stood, the lava having then cooled & formed a kind of covered way. It even began to feel very hot to our feet and we evacuated the place with precipitation. The guides seemed diverted with our apprehensions being themselves habituated to the scene. About ten yards further up was a small eminence or hillock

in the lava out of which sulphurous flames issued with a violent hissing noise. We were toiling up the crater nearly in a parallel line with this object when the wind sat directly from it and overwhelmed us with dense torrents of the most noxious smoke. I endeavored to hold my breath as long as possible in hopes another flare of wind would carry it off but at length I was obliged to draw in my breath and inhale a draught of the poisonous vapour that almost overcame me. Fortunately for us the wind shifted or I sincerely believe that in a little time we should have shared the fate of Pliny & died the Martyrs of imprudent curiosity. Co^l Mercer as soon as he saw the smoke coming turned about and made a precipitate retreat and did not make a second attempt to ascend the crater. As to Cabell & myself we were so exhausted & bewildered that we could not stir from the spot but should have fallen a certain sacrifice.

As soon as the smoke changed we renewed our exertions having all the incitements of lively apprehension to spur us on. At length we arrived at the crater and took a welcome resting spell on some rocks of cold lava. We then walked round the edge of the crater which is composed of ashes & cinders. The inside of the cup is filled with vast masses of lava that almost rise parallel to the brim but are

cold & black. It appears that the lava had filled the crater before it burst thro the side and that the surface had grown cold—the lava running from beneath the crust by covered canals and not making its appearance till one third of the way down the crater.

In one place tho at a distance from us we could hear the mountain bellow & roar at some aperture from whence it vomited pillars of smoke. In another part was a small conical eminence that lately threw out flames & red hot stones. We descended into the crater and climbed up the rocks of lava. Our guide conducted us on a small plain and pointed out to us various spots from whence sparks & smoke issued—our thoughts & observations however were soon called nearer home. I felt the lava under my feet beginning to be uncomfortably hot and casting my eyes around, saw thro several fissures within two or three feet distance the lava red hot beneath & smoke arising out of them, the steam or vapour that arose from the lava we stood on was extremely warm. Our guide thrust his stick into a hole about three feet off and drew it out in a flame. We soon discovered that we stood on a mere crust of Lava and that under us was a complete red hot lake. We decampd from the hazardous spot with all possible expedition fearing

lest it might give way under our feet or some explosion of confined vapours break out around us. Of the former I believe there was no ground for apprehension as the crust is too strong to be affected by the weight of the largest sized man. Our cicerone who is long habituated to the mountain said he expected there would be an eruption in that spot in a few days as the confined matter must find vent. We descended the steep crater with infinitely more celerity than we climbed up it and in a little while found ourselves comfortably seated by the Hermits fireside.

Notwithstanding all our curiosity & interest we were happy to have finished our visit. To a person unaccustomed to seeing the mountain in its present state, there is so much awe & apprehension mingled with the pleasure he receives at viewing the Tremenduous Scene that he is almost happy when the business is over. He fears continually that some new eruption may take place—some fresh explosion—that the earth may give way under his feet, in short a thousand things that the old acquaintances of the Volcano smile at.

Having recruited our strength & spirits with a few glases of the highly extolld Lachrimi Christi we took leave of the *Venerable & hospitable hermit*—first asking him what we had to pay. He ap-

peard offended at the question and said his house was not an *inn*. We saw thro this affectation of delicacy and that he knew well that he stood a chance of getting far more from the generosity of visitors than he could have the countenance to demand. We gave him therefore a Dollar which was about three times the worth of what we had consumed at his house. He had no delicate scruples to prevent his taking it — but did not seem by his looks to be satisfied with the compensation. We left him perfectly disgusted with his hypocrisy. We arrived at Portici about midnight and after a slight supper hastned to enjoy the repose our weary limbs required.

***NOTES ON THE TEXT
OF VOLUME II***

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OF VOLUME II

PAGE 4, LINES 5, 6: *The Church of De Vigni*
Santa Maria del Vigne.

PAGE 4, LINE 17: *is peculiarly fine.*

In his effort to describe the music, Irving here wrote and crossed out "sometimes a single voice is," and wrote and blotted out three more lines.

PAGE 6, LINES 10-13: *Tho the Doge . . . throughout*
Genoa.

The doge was Girolamo Durazzo, and the minister, Antoine Christophe Saliceti, a Corsican, who, after voting, as deputy to the Convention, for the death of Louis XVI, was sent to Corsica to oppose the counter-revolutionary intrigues, and there met and assisted his compatriot, Bonaparte. He held several offices in Genoa, and died there, it is said by poison, in 1809.

PAGE 14, LINE 2: *An American ship sailing from this*
port

From a letter to William Irving, dated December 20, we learn that the ship was the *Matilda* of Philadelphia, and that the name of the Captain, "an honest, worthy old gentleman," who was "highly delighted with the thoughts of my going," was Strong. The same letter describes in a few words the new friends with whom the *Journal* makes us familiar and speaks of the renewed health which has added to his pleasure: "I have been today to bid farewell to my Genoese friends,

and a painful task it was I assure you. The very particular attentions I have received here have rendered my stay delightful. I really felt as if at home, surrounded by my friends. Though my acquaintances were very numerous, I particularly confined my visits to three places, Lady Shaftsbury's, Madame Gabriac's, and Mrs. Bird's. . . . For myself I am another being. Health has new strung my limbs, and endowed me with an elasticity of spirits that gilds every scene with sunshine and heightens every enjoyment. . . . You see I set off in high glee, though I expect to have a serious heartache when I lose sight of Genoa."

PAGE 16, LINE 3: *Nugent's observ: on Italy.*

Pierre Jean Grosley's *Nouveaux Mémoires . . . sur l'Italie*, 1764, was translated into English by Thomas Nugent in 1769, under the title, *New Observations on Italy*.

PAGE 24, LINE 19: *vide Swinburne*

Henry Swinburne's *Travels in the Two Sicilies*, 1783-5.

PAGE 26, LINE 3: *vesfels as they pass.*

After this Irving wrote and struck out "At one end there are some fortifications but not garrisoned."

PAGE 26, LINE 17, TO PAGE 34, LINE 25: *While I was writing . . . their company again.*

The encounter with the pirates is described in much the same words in a letter to William, quoted in the *Life and Letters*.

PAGE 36, LINE 15, and PAGE 37, LINE 17: *sails gaily before it. and into his dominions.*

After "it" Irving wrote and crossed out "Never have I passed this;" after "dominions" he wrote and crossed out "The fierce winds are chaind."

PAGE 45, LINE 9: *formerly termed Cape Pylorus*
Now Capo del Faro.

PAGE 46, LINES 16-21: *But what . . . plains.*

The quotation, as well as that on p. 89, is from Addison's *Letter from Italy*.

PAGE 50, LINE 21: *the Schooner Nautilus*

The *Nautilus* was one of Preble's squadron sent in 1803 to operate against the Barbary States. His six gallant attacks on Tripoli were made during the summer and fall of 1804, and resulted in the peace signed on June 3, 1805, by the terms of which the tribute that European nations had paid for centuries and the slavery of Christian captives were abolished.

PAGE 56, LINE 14, TO PAGE 57, LINE 2: *Our conversation . . . Babylon.*

These lines are quoted in the *Journal*, and the biographer adds: "Poor Strong! On his next voyage his vessel was found a floating wreck, but he always lingered in the mind of his young companion in loving remembrance: and one of the last allusions to his early years that he ever made to me recalled the worthy commander."

PAGE 57, LINE 10: *Capt Dent who commands*
John Herbert Dent (1782-1823) served as midshipman and lieutenant on board the *Constitution*, and was in command of the *Nautilus* and the *Scourge* during the Tripolitan War, taking part in the attacks on Tripoli in 1804.

PAGE 69, LINES 12, 13: *Prince [blank] of England*
Richard I of England, with his crusaders, passed six months in Messina in 1190.

PAGE 71, LINE 16: *an unfortunate rencontre*
In this connection Irving wrote in a letter: "when so far from home, it is impossible to avoid being extremely national."

PAGE 75, LINE 2, TO PAGE 76, LINE 10: *two ships . . . the fleet.*

This account of Nelson's fleet is quoted in *Life and Letters*. In accordance with Napoleon's resolve to make a gigantic effort to combine his whole naval strength, the French fleet at Toulon, early in 1805, succeeded in getting out of the harbor, but a disastrous gale obliged the ships to return to Toulon.

PAGE 79, LINE 1: *Wm Amory of Boston Lieut of Marines*

One of the four Amory brothers of Boston. He died in 1808, at the age of thirty-four.

PAGE 79, LINES 12, 13: *Lieut Woolsey of New York*
Melancthon Taylor Woolsey was sent to Tripoli shortly before the close of the Tripolitan War, but

was not promoted to the rank of Lieutenant until 1807. He became famous in the War of 1812.

PAGE 79, LINE 19, TO PAGE 83, LINE 20, and PAGE 90, LINE 16, TO PAGE 92, LINE 17: *This morning I walked . . . the case.*

These accounts of the visits to the Ear of Dionysius are quoted, with some omissions, in the *Life and Letters*.

PAGE 84, LINE 20: *in possession of Landolini*.
Saverio Landolina, the Italian antiquary (1743-1813).

PAGE 85, LINE 23: *The king of Naples*
Ferdinand IV, king of Naples and the two Sicilies, than whom few sovereigns have left a more odious memory.

PAGE 97, LINES 18-21: *The cloud capt towers . . . behind.*

From *The Tempest*, Act IV, Scene 1.

PAGE 101, LINES 19-27: *I had dressed . . . at the moment.*

Quoted in *Life and Letters*.

PAGE 102, LINES 2, 3: *I took leave of Syracuse*

In the *Life and Letters* the journey from Syracuse to Catania and the visit in the latter place are covered by two short quotations from a letter written in Rome, the biographer explaining that Irving was so engaged that he had to "content himself with a few hurried

notes in pencil." In reality, the blank pages in the *Journal*, which he evidently intended to fill later from his pencilled notes, do not occur until after the long description of the visit to the Cathedral at Catania.

PAGE 106, LINE 10: *Megara of the Antients*

Augusta is thought to have been founded by the neighboring Zancleans of Hybla, afterwards Megara Hyblaea, which had been settled by colonists from Megara in Greece.

PAGE 116, LINES 12, 13: *They are extremely perfect*

The excellent preservation of these Roman baths at Catania (*Thermae Achilleae*) is accounted for by their burial under the lava.

PAGE 117, LINES 17, 18: *Museum of the Prince of Biscaris*

Prince Ignazio Biscari (1719-1786) excavated most of the ruins discovered at Catania, and formed an important private collection of antiquities.

PAGE 128, LINE 12: *S^t Phillip^o d'Arragone*

San Filippo d'Argiro (the modern Agira) and Aragona.

PAGE 128, LINE 14, TO PAGE 129, LINE 9: *Arrived at village . . . the fleas.*

The story of this adventure was a favorite with Irving. His nephew narrates it at much greater length, ending with, "He awoke the next morning, as he said to me, 'perfectly satisfied to be neither robbed nor murdered.'"

PAGE 133, LINE 6: *A gentleman entered our room in masque*

A more detailed description of the ball at Termini, and the hospitality experienced there, is given by Pierre Irving, who writes that, twenty years later, Washington recorded in his note-book a meeting with a cousin of his "chance acquaintance, the Baron Palmeria."

PAGE 134, LINE 21: *Mr Amory of Boston*
Nathaniel Amory, brother of the naval officer.

PAGE 136, LINES 5, 6: *church of the [blank] convent.*
Probably La Martorana.

PAGE 138, LINE 25: *the lady of General Acton*
Sir John Francis Edward Acton, generalissimo of the forces of Ferdinand IV, king of Naples, and later his prime minister, had by papal dispensation married his niece, Mary Ann Acton, in 1800. He was forced at various times to take refuge at Palermo, where he died in 1811.

PAGE 141, LINE 13: *I embarked aboard a small vessel*
In a letter to William he wrote: "As the time for my departure from Palermo approached, I began to feel extremely uneasy. The packet that sails constantly between that city and Naples, and is always well armed, was unfortunately undergoing repairs at Naples. No alternative offered than to venture across in one of the small vessels that carry fruit to the continent."

PAGE 153, LINES 10, 11: *Mr Cabell of Virginia and Col Mercer*

(See INTRODUCTION, pp. xxxiii, xxxiv.) Irving's friendship with Joseph C. Cabell and Colonel John Mercer continued after his return to America. He paid visits to both in 1807, at which time Cabell wrote of receiving a letter which convinced him that the writer was "still the same Washington Irving whose name resounded so long in the valley of the Ticino."

PAGE 154, LINES 8, 9: *Sannazaro . . . founder of the building.*

After the French destroyed the villa presented to Sannazaro by the emperor in 1498, the poet is said to have erected the church of Santa Maria del Parto on its site.

PAGE 156, LINE 17: *the direction of Caligula.*

This was the old Grotta di Posilipo, closed after the new tunnel was bored through in 1882-85. It was probably constructed during the reign of Augustus, rather than that of Caligula.

PAGE 163, LINE 1: *Sir Grenville Temple of Boston*

Son of the surveyor-general of the customs for the northern district of America, who became consul general to the United States after the Revolution.

PAGE 174, LINES 2-19: *We were toiling . . . sacrifice.*
Quoted in *Life and Letters*.

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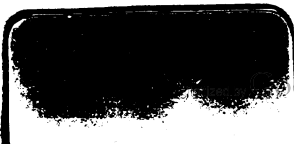
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